The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL PRIZE POEM COMPETITIONS.

Our usual monthly Prize Competitions have proved so popular with the land and sea services that we have decided to hold the following competitions which shall be open only to—

Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, Nurses, Ambulance and Transport Workers, and Others engaged on Active War Service, or in Hospital.

We offer—

(1) *A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1, and Four Prizes of 10s. each for the best original Ballads.*

(2) *A First Prize of £2, a Second Prize of £1, and Four Prizes of 10s. each for the best original Lyrics.*

Choice of subjects is left entirely to Competitors, but no poem may exceed forty-eight lines in length.

Any competitor may enter for both Competitions.

All poems (written on one side of the paper only bearing names and addresses of senders) must reach us not later than by the first post on the 10th April next, and should be addressed to—

The Editor,
Special Prize Competition,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London, E.C.4.

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for May next.*

Competitors should keep copies of their verses, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them

To meet the wishes of several competitors at a distance we are extending the closing date for this Competition until the 10th April, and results will be announced in our May number.

"The Judgment of Valhalla," a new volume of war verse by Gilbert Frankau, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

"Scenes from Russian Life," which Messrs. Constable are publishing, is a series of true sketches of Russian life and character by Josephine Carlina, a native of a small town in Russian Poland.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has written a new book, called "The Great Unborn," which in the form of a fantasy advocates a drastic and startling scheme of reconstruction after the war. It will be published

by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward, who have also in hand "Liberty and Brotherhood," a collection of lectures by Mr. Joseph Shaylor on such varied subjects as "The Right to Worship," "Success and How it is Won," "Some Guides of Life," "Shakespeare's Life and Influence," and "Three Scourges of Humanity"—these being Military Despotism, Uncharitable Religion and Irresponsible Wealth.

The same firm is publishing immediately a representative selection of Lieutenant Will Dyson's war drawings, with letterpress written by himself, and a dedication to his comrades of the Australian forces, in a poem that is poignantly and powerfully realistic.

Mr. Grant Richards is publishing shortly "Resentment," a first volume of poems by Alec Waugh, whose first novel, "The Loom of Youth," was one of the most successful novels of last autumn.

"The Pretty Lady," a romantic, dramatic and realistic war story, with London for a background, has been written by Arnold Bennett and will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.

The first of Mr. Crawfurd Price's three-volume story of "Serbia's Part in the War" will be published immediately by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Another of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall's new books is "Down Plug Street Way," an account of his war experiences in France by Lieutenant George Goodchild, including a vividly realised sketch of what a man goes through when suffering from shell-shock.

The thirteenth volume of that invaluable illustrated monthly for Dickens lovers, *The Dickensian*, is as variedly interesting and as vital as its predecessors. One looks through it every year expecting to find indications that the subject is running dry, but there are still no signs of that. Dickens seems literally inexhaustible. Mr B. W. Matz is to be congratulated again on the ability and success with which he conducts and sustains the interest of this admirable miscellany.

Mr. Hugh Gibson,
Ex-Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels,
whose vivid account of his war-time experiences there, "A Diplomatic Diary" (Hodder & Stoughton), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

We have received the following note from Miss Olive Katharine Parr:

"Venton House,
"Widecombe-in-the-Moor,
"February, 1918.

"DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted, by your courtesy, to point out that there are two inaccuracies in your references to me in the article on Mr. John Oxenham in your February issue? One minor point is the statement referring to myself: 'She is descended from Queen Katharine Parr,' etc. As all educated persons are aware, there is no descent in the female line. The passage should have read, 'From the family of Katharine Parr.' The other misstatement refers to the number of guardian ladies who are kind enough to pray for my Knights and Ladies. Your statement is, 'There are one hundred and forty women praying now.' I have 150 in one convent alone, and my Guardian Ladies, all told, including nuns, of whom I have several hundred, now number over 600. In conclusion, may I add that neither the MS. nor any proof was submitted to me for my correction before publication? And I gave no permission for the appearance of any reference to myself nor leave to use the two photographs which are my own private plates. Thanking you for your courtesy,

"Yours faithfully,
"OLIVE KATHARINE PARR
"(BEATRICE CHASE)."

We much regret our contributor's errors in the paragraph referring to Miss Parr.

A new and revised edition of "Tommy's Tunes,"

with three or four additional songs, has been issued by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Mr. Fifield is publishing in one volume "Gold in the Wood" and "The Race," two new plays of modern life by Dr. Marie Carmichael Stopes.

Mr. Howel Evans, whose new novel, "A Girl Alone," we review in this Number, has seen much of the seamy side of London life that he has put into his book. In his very early days, when he had, quite literally, to earn his bread, he served, among other things, as a porter in Covent Garden Market, and was for some while distantly connected with the Turf as what is called a book-maker's runner. It was in these times that he learned a good deal of the poor and how they live, and he gives something of that knowledge to the heroine of his story It was journalism that lifted him out of his difficulties A few years ago, after he had made good as a journalist, he won the £100 Prize for the best short story offered by the *Red Magazine*. This started him on his career as a writer of fiction, and he has since contributed serials and short stories to all manner of magazines and newspapers. He has, moreover, written and produced several one-act plays, sketches and revue scenes, one of his plays having enjoyed a run of nearly five years. At present he is engaged on a new novel whose scenes are laid partly in London and partly in a quiet cathedral town

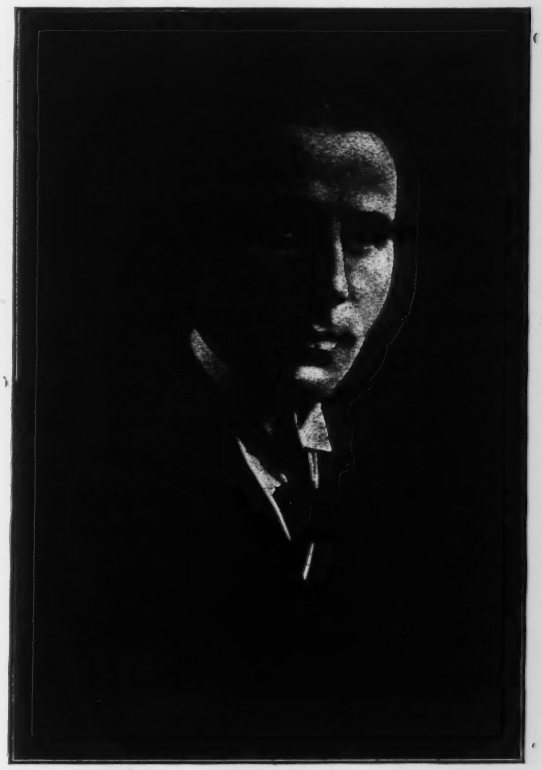


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. F. Howel Evans,**
Author of "A Girl Alone" (Grant Richards).

Photo by Malcom Arbuthnot. **Miss Enid Bagnold,**
Author of "A Diary Without Dates" (Heinemann

WAR BOOKS.

"Fighting for Peace." By Henry Van Dyke. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Until recently Mr. Van Dyke was and had been for many years United States Minister to Holland. He resigned that position partly that he might say freely what he knew of Germany's guilt in deliberately scheming to plunge the world into war for her own aggrandisement. Those pacifists who have somehow managed to persuade themselves that Germany only broke out in self-defence, would do well to read this book; so too would those who, with no inside knowledge, think it safe to make peace with her present rulers, or that her present rulers really want any peace that is worthy of the name. "I went to Holland," says Mr. Van Dyke, "as an envoy of the world-peace founded in justice which is America's great desire. For that cause I worked and strove. Of that cause I am still a devoted follower and servant. I am working for it now, but with a difference. It is evident that we cannot maintain that cause, as the world stands to-day, without fighting for it." He speaks of the two Peace Conferences that have been held at The Hague, and adds, "The third Peace Conference is more needed, more desirable, than ever. But we shall never get it until the military forces of Germany are broken, and the predatory

Potsdam gang which rules them is brought low." That is no mere opinion, but an inevitable conviction based upon a study of German mentality, upon the writer's dealings with German officials, upon what he saw of Germany's preparations months before the war, and of her doings in the months after it had begun. It is a damning and unanswerable indictment supported by documents and the evidence of an eye-witness who was more than well disposed towards Germany until it was no longer possible to mistake her real character and purposes.

"A Diary Without Dates." By Enid Bagnold. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.) A very uncommon and impressive little book about the sorrows, humours, comedies and tragedies of hospital life, with glimpses of the outer world, and a brief, pungent commentary on the things the author has seen and known. Miss Bagnold has served as a V.A.D. nurse in a military hospital and has pictured her day by day experiences there with stark and simp e truthfulness. She recreates the whole thing, gives it its native hue and atmosphere, and touches in portraits of sisters, nurses, patients and visitors with that imaginative sympathy which always goes with a sense of humour. There are things for tears in her pages and things for laughter, and she has such a gift of economising words that she often compresses into a line or two of suggestion a story that in other hands might less effectively fill a chapter. For all its unflinching realism and its traffic with sorrow, the book has charm—the charm of a genial and gracious personality.

"Some War Impressions." By Jeffery Farnol. 1s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.) Mr. Farnol has been on a round of visits to munition works and shipbuilding yards in England and Scotland, and to hospitals, training camps and battlefields in France, and has given us here a very vividly descriptive and anecdotal narration of what he has seen and heard on his journeyings. A book as thoroughly interesting as it is informing.

"The Man with the Club Foot." By Douglas Valentine. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.) For daring adventure, headlong excitement and the ingenuity with which the reader is relieved from one state of suspense to be caught up in another, this romance of the German Secret Service could not easily be outdone. The masterful personality of the grim, mysterious man of the club foot makes a sinister shadow over it all, and the way in which this all-powerful Hun intriguer is baffled and at last, in what seems the hour of his triumph, outwitted by a roving Englishman, who is in Germany looking for a lost brother in the early days of the war and stumbles into a roaring imbroglio of high diplomacy, makes the best of good reading.

"More Songs by the Fighting Men." 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.) This is a second volume in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's series of "Soldier Poets," and contains work as notable as any in its predecessor. A nation speaks through its poets, but never before has our nation done that in war time, for since its poets have never before taken their stand in the firing line, it has spoken through the lips of those who have not known the thing of which they sang. These men know it—or knew it, for too many of them are dead; and they don't dress it in the old gaudy trappings, the old pretence of glory and fearful joy, but show it naked as a horror that shames humanity, as grotesque and beastly an anachronism as a dragon of the slime would be in the streets of any modern decent city. Their ideal is to put an end to the foul monstrosity and they are uplifted and strengthened by that ideal and by the spirit of self-sacrifice and human brotherhood that the common danger and the common hope of freeing the world of it has engendered in them and their comrades. These things are in their verses, and a poignant feeling of the suffering, the tragedy of broken lives and of hopes renounced that the folly of war involves. It is a book to be valued for the significance of its spontaneous revelation of the heart and soul of the men who are fighting our battles, and for the selfless courage, the kindly humanity and love of the world's beauty that inspire so much of their poetry.

"The Amaranth Club." By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.) A clever sensational romance of the days just before the war. A German secret agent establishes himself in London and carrying on operations from what is apparently a fashionable and exclusive West End club, lures in as members well-to-do men and women who are likely to subserve his purposes; at the same time he makes money by running a secret gambling hell in a house next door which is entered from the club by a way known only to the favoured few. He and his German partner obtain influence over a beautiful Society woman whose husband is absent in India, and use her to secure certain vitally important documents concerning the defence of the country. An exciting climax is brought about by the intervention of no less a person than Mr. Asquith.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON.

AT the age of thirty-three, Mr. Frank Swinnerton is the author of seven novels and two works of criticism. His first novel appeared in 1909, so that he has written nine books in eight years, besides a number of short stories, articles, and those delicately perceptive reviews of modern fiction which have made his name familiar to readers of THE BOOKMAN and the *Manchester Guardian*. From this it will appear that Mr. Swinnerton has been fairly industrious in the practice of his art, and when it is added that all his literary work is the product of his leisure hours—for he occupies a responsible position in one of our great publishing houses—the wonder grows that so prolific a writer should be able to maintain such a consistently high standard in the quality of his work. Even the most fugitive article by Frank Swinnerton lingers in the mind after it has been read because of some flash of insight, some happy gesture. His reviews are extraordinarily capable, they have a beginning and an end and a motive, even when he is lumping together half a dozen novels in a "portmanteau" article after the manner demanded by space-worried editors of to-day. He seldom coruscates, and is never flashily brilliant with considered antithesis or paradox. There is a certain seriousness of tone over all his minor critical work, and he brings to it an unusual power to appreciate the subtler shades of an author's meaning and to express the finer gradations of his own.

Mr. Swinnerton had already spent several years in a publisher's office when, at the age of twenty-three, he produced "The Merry Heart," his first novel. With some diffidence—for, strange though it may seem, publishers' clerks are usually the last persons to be suspected of literary tendencies—he showed it to his friend and superior, Mr. Philip Lee Warner, who was then literary adviser to Messrs. Chatto & Windus. As a result, the book was published by that firm, and although it did not by any means set the Thames on fire, it gave promise of a fresh and original talent, which the more discerning critics were quick to recognise. In some respects, indeed, "The Merry Heart" has never been surpassed by any of Mr. Swinnerton's later books, although he will probably label me a Philistine for saying so. It has high spirits and spontaneity, and several exquisite little studies of character etched in with a lightness of touch he has all but abandoned in his later work. There are no finer studies in modern literature of the pre-war, middle-class, averagely cultured, gently cynical young man than Mr. Swinnerton's Locritus and Thomas Dickers, and their conversations will, I imagine, be a joy to many when we are gone. It is not superfluous to mention, also, that the story had a plot—a singularly unconvincing plot, it is true, deliberately manufactured by a young author who had not yet learned that a plot may be, and usually is, an excrescence. Mr. Swinnerton, however, never erred in the same way again. None of his later books has a manufactured plot, and the extraordinary thing is that one finds oneself wishing that some of them had. As a story-teller, and as a shrewd and humorous observer of character, Mr. Swinnerton can be delightful. On the other hand, when he takes himself too seriously as a psychologist, he can be extremely dull, although even in the worst example of this fault, "The Chaste Wife," there are compensating flashes.

"The Merry Heart" was followed in 1910 by "The Young Idea," an almost uncannily clever study of a middle-class family, which the author presented to the world as "a Comedy of Environment." The choice of the sub-title probably marks the rise of the young author's first determination to take himself very seriously as an artist—as though he would say: "This book may interest and even amuse you; but please reflect upon the great idea that underlies it—I mean it as an Interpretation of Life." All Mr. Swinnerton's books, not even excepting the first, are "comedies of environment" or they are nothing at all, and since he wrote those words on the title-page of his second novel nobody is more conscious of the fact than the author himself. When he is able to forget it, when he becomes less deliberately an interpreter, and is content to give freer rein to his emotions and sympathies: to present his characters for no better reason than that he loves them, or that their complex manifestations give him joy to describe, he will write a finer book than any he has given us yet. As it is, his work is too often overburdened with a ponderous psychology. To borrow a metaphor from Bergson, he is engaged always in giving small change for the golden coin of intuition; the very sureness and delicacy of

Photo by Dorothy Hickling **Mr. Frank Swinnerton.**

his psychological analyses result very often in failure to present his vision as a whole.

In "The Casement" and "The Chaste Wife," published respectively in 1911 and 1916, this deliberately analytical method is pursued as far as it will go. There are evidences of it in all the other novels, but in these two alone has the author forced his analytical skill to serve the purpose of inspiration. In the latter book, especially, he pursues the most subtle effects through page after page of irrelevancies, and captures them at last without ever counting the cost. It is only fair to add that, taken by themselves, and apart from the scheme as a whole, his effects are usually worth the capture. Nothing could be more admirable, for instance, than the manner in which he contrives to suggest, in that chapter of "The Chaste Wife" describing the honeymoon of Stephen and Priscilla, the delicate poise of their relations—a poise which the slightest jar, a word, a look, even an external circumstance out of harmony with a prevailing mood, was calculated to disturb. To match the absolute precision of such passages as this there is only one other modern writer to whom a reader can turn, and that is to Henry James by whom, indeed, Mr. Swinnerton seems intermittently to have been inspired. I say intermittently, for the strange thing is that periodically in his literary progress he has abandoned his Jacobean method for one which I cannot help feeling is more peculiarly his own, and this always after a novel in which the Jacobean method has been given unrestrained play. "The Casement," for example, was followed by "The Happy Family," a book as fresh, as original, and in its way as daring, as any that has appeared in our generation; while "The Chaste Wife," the dullest book of the series, and one which, in spite of many excellences, must be unhesitatingly pronounced a failure, was followed by that little masterpiece, the last novel so far from Mr. Swinnerton's pen, called, rather inappropriately, "Nocturne."

The fact is that Mr. Swinnerton is only intellectually in love with the analytical method; temperamentally his whole nature is against it. Like Fabre with his insects, he can wield the scalpel with unerring skill, but he would much rather be at the business of observing his creatures alive. No further evidence of the truth of this comment need be sought than the fact that he is always much more interested in groups of characters than in single individuals. Every one of his novels concerns itself, in greater or less complexity, with the relations and interactions of groups of characters, and in the book called "On the Staircase" he has used this method to present a kind of allegory of life. Not that he labels it an allegory, or that such a purpose is even remotely apparent; Swinnerton is far too fine an artist for any nonsense of that kind; but the very idea which underlies the book, the idea of presenting and unravelling the web of circumstance and relationship dependent upon the purely accidental juxtaposition of a number of families on the various floors of a large building in the heart of London, is conceived with the intensity of a flash of intuition. That intuition, the soul of the novel, as it were, is like a light shining through the whole of the work, which neither faults of construction nor occasional uncertainties of touch can obscure. The besetting disposition to explain every phenomenon of personality in terms of psychological analysis, to use the scalpel and the microscope to elucidate a wonder, is still there, but it is powerless to dim the vision of the whole. The same thing is true of "Nocturne," the summit of the author's art so far, in which his method attains its greatest directness and simplicity, perhaps, because he has forced himself to work within extremely difficult limitations. There are in that book only half a dozen characters, and the entire action occupies little more time than the story takes to read, so that there is less opportunity for the intuition which is the inspiration of the whole thing to be dissipated in a multitude of analyses.

All that I have said so far has been to little purpose if I have not led the reader to see that Mr. Swinnerton, the artist, is really an interesting case of dual personality. There are two halves to his artistic being which are more often than not in conflict. First of all, there is Mr. Swinnerton the clever analyst, the careful critic, the shrewd commentator, who stands curiously self-centred, remote from life, abhorring violence of thought and deed, hating romance as vehemently as he hates caricature, occupied always in restoring individuality to a convention. This is the Mr. Swinnerton who wrote the whole of "The Chaste Wife" and "The Casement," and parts of "The Happy Family" and "On the Staircase," and who loves Henry James, and cannot understand Robert Louis Stevenson. Then there is Mr. Swinnerton the novelist, interested in all sorts of people, and, most of all, in those people who work in offices from nine to six, and come up to the City from Highgate or Golder's Green every day. This Mr. Swinnerton can find romance in an office-boy's trick of eating an apple behind his ledger, and purr gratefully at the mental picture of the same youth putting paper protectors over his cuffs. He has an outlook, in his own words, upon "a strange, beautiful world of prosaic things." He can seat his people round a table and make them talk, and arouse wonderful interest in the mere vacuity of their talk. So far from hating caricature, like his other self, he positively loves it, as all true artists do. He can draw you to perfection a group of modern young intellectuals discussing Wilde and Shaw and Debussy and social problems, and other curious beings saying "Oo, it's nice!" He finds a pleasure that is almost an ecstasy in watching the man at the ham and beef shop piling an incredible number of thin slices on the scale, until it finally tips. This Mr. Swinnerton sees the first lighting of the electric lamps in a London street on an evening of early autumn as a marvel which is as welcome as the coming of spring. He has crossed the river on trams and seen wonderful things. Buildings of brick and mortar to him take on an individuality almost as real as that which appealed to Dickens. He gave us Vernon Agg, the publisher's reader, and Alf Rylett, and Bert Tebbers, and he wrote that wonderful scene in the Brighton lodgings where Velancourt went for his honeymoon with his landlady's daughter, and where he found the spirit of his discontent with life materialised in the lingering influence of the Tebbers. In short, this Mr. Swinnerton has that faculty of intense sympathy which, by his own definition, is the secret of imagination; he is a creator, a satirist, an artist as individual as any of our generation, and I wish the other Mr. Swinnerton would let him have his head.

C. S. EVANS.

THE READER.

ANTHONY HOPE.

By George Sampson.

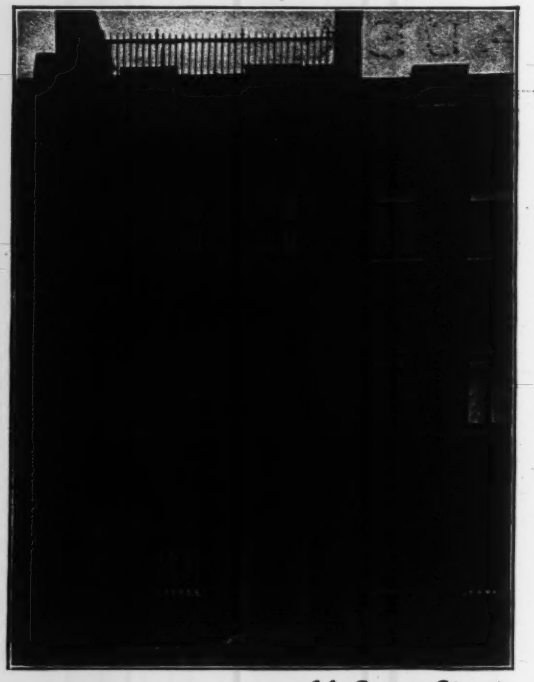
ANTHONY HOPE, once the satirist of the Honours List, has now conferred upon that institution the distinction of his name. Henceforward he proceeds a knight. He should have paused. His own Lucius Vandean might have warned him; for does not that agreeable Private Secretary refuse to consider a K.C.B., on the ground that Sir Lucius is certain to be called O'Trigger? Sir — Hawkins should be John or Henry; Sir Anthony is plainly Absolute. What are we going to do about it? I think we had better stick to Anthony Hope.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Anthony Hope (Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins).**

It is now nearly three years since his name appeared among the "just outs." That silence appeared to give his knighthood a sinister air. Surely we were not to understand that he had taken his title and left the lists! It seemed early days for him to write himself *donatus jam rude*, even though our more youthful gladiators of the pen have been playing havoc with middle-aged reputations. He has lasted very much better than most of his contemporaries. To be particular would be unkind; but I could mention several "best sellers" of the 'nineties whose very names are scarcely known to the impenetrably studious young ladies who now fill all the smoking carriages on the District Railway. Anthony Hope still counts, both in his lighter and in his more serious vein, and I am glad to learn that my gloomy suspicions of retirement are unfounded. The war has diverted his energies to other channels, but a new book will, nevertheless, soon appear.

That pleasant essayist, Mr. Birrell, who to Ireland gave up what was meant for further volumes of *Obiter Dicta*, once sagely observed that there are some men whose names are inseparably associated with Movements, and others who are for ever connected with Places. Anthony Hope has not, as far as I know, ever begun or led a Movement, but he is certainly the discoverer of a Place; for whenever some petty principality struggles up into the brief publicity of the newspapers, its romantic possibilities are invariably called Ruritanian. Ruritania, in fact, filled a long-felt want. Not that there has been any lack of imaginary kingdoms. There is, for instance, the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein, and there are the various states appertaining to the empire that we may call Gilbertia. But the whole point of these delectable duchies is not that they are real, but that (in Jacobean phrase) they so delightfully aren't. The Monarch of such a state is simply bound to come into the market place, kiss the *contadine* and exchange back chat with a comic Executioner. Without a kingdom of Pumpernickel or a duchy of Pfennig-Halbpfennig, comic opera could not exist. And there is matter for reflection in that circumstance. The comic spirit, with its daring discernment, has seen that there is nothing so sublime as man magnified, and nothing so ridiculous as the sublime; and that Kings and Queens and Duchesses and Lord High Executioners are therefore, in their essence, not creatures of terror, but merely figures of fun. Nothing exceeds like excess. A married monarch is not necessarily funny; a twice married monarch can live without exciting laughter; but it is dangerous to go farther. King Henry VIII. liked to believe he was a terrible person; yet for all time he is the king whose name provokes a smile of contempt through his habit of acquiring and shedding wives. A sovereign may order a few executions and be terrible; but if he goes on ordering them he becomes delightful. Richard III. (improved by Colley Cibber) is positively endeared to us by his playful habit of ejaculating "Off with his head." Bluebeard, that exemplar of early frightfulness, who rivals Henry VIII. as a domestic tyrant, is served up to children in the Christmas pantomimes. No tyrants are so excruciatingly tyrannical as the kings of comic opera; and if by any chance the comic monarchy is limited, the very limitations are uproariously funny. For further evidence on the matter consult the works of the distinguished mathematician who wrote "Alice in Wonderland." This saving laughter at the super-terrible is just humanity's way of revenging itself for our attempts to magnify a human office beyond humanity's poor reach. There's such divinity doth hedge a king that kings have become funnier than clowns.

But the Ruritanian royalty of Anthony Hope is not



14, Gower Street.
Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins's London home.

of this breed—even though the moral of the Zenda story seems to be that a chance tourist can be a finer king than the genuine article, just as Richmond Roy has an Olympian majesty denied to most wearers of crowns. Ruritania is a province in the land of Romance, and

> " . . . the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
> The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
> The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
> The farced title running 'fore the king "—

are here the properties of a great adventure. Thus Ruritania has nothing to do with Grünewald; for in that palpitating principality what concerns us is not royalty, but humanity, the appealing commonness of Otto and Seraphina, who find hearts beneath their robes, and fly to the depth of the woods with their love, while in the Mittwalden Rath-Haus they are being deposed and the Republic proclaimed. "The Prisoner of Zenda" offers us royalty as romance. The great adventure that made an English gentleman a king puts on the likeness of fact to offer us an escape from fact. We are not required to believe it as a magistrate is expected to believe an affidavit, though even in affidavits, we are told, the truth will sometimes out. To ask of fiction whether it is true to life is like asking of wine whether it is good to eat. An artistic Pilate (not jesting) may ask in his turn, "What is life?" and he need not stay for an answer, because there isn't one. Fiction must be true, not to life, but to its own life. We may not demand of fiction that it shall belong to any particular world; but we may insist that it shall be true to its own world. Think of "Twelfth Night," that most exquisite of comedies, that perfection of poetic romance. How preposterously far are the facts from the routine of our suburban existence! How wildly untrue of the sea coast near Southend, and how exquisitely true of the sea coast near Illyria, Illyria being just one lovely name given to the land of Youth and Beauty, a land like that of Rostand's Romanesques where *la scène se passe où l'on voudra, pourvu que les costumes soient jolis.* "The Prisoner of Zenda" is far indeed from being a great book; but it is a rattling good story, with a most gallant English gentleman for its hero, and it is entirely true to its own world. The public has instinctively recognised this, and made it a type. To this act of collective criticism there is no reply. The verdict is final. Anthony Hope is to the big public the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." It not only made his name, it made his name stand for something definite; and that is half the battle of fame. It was published in 1894. I read it then, and I read it again yesterday with intense enjoyment.

Little need be said of the pre-Zenda books, except a remark that the inventor of an imaginary kingdom commenced author as the begetter of a South American Republic ("A Man of Mark"). I have a sneaking fondness for "Phroso," that gay adventure in the Near East, and for "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," published in the Zenda year, for though it certainly cannot be called weighty, it has an appealing blend of lightness and sincerity, of frivolity and something like pathos.

On the other hand, I never look kindly to "Rupert of Hentzau." Although a sequel was expressly provided for in the original story, I think a sequel was a mistake. A logical sequel to a romance is likely to be as convincing as a romantic sequel to a proposition in Euclid. A romance doesn't end. It just leaves off. In romance they all live happy ever afterwards. Ours not to reason why.

But there was another side to our author. He was not merely the patentee of a romantic kingdom somewhere in Central Europe, he was very much at home among the smart people of this instant and immediate world. In other words, besides writing "The Prisoner of Zenda" he wrote "The Dolly Dialogues," and they bear the same date. That most unblushing of flirts Miss Dolly Foster, her complaisant husband Lord Mickleham, her imperturbable *cicisbeo* Mr. Carter, her implacable mother-in-law the Dowager Lady Mickleham, and her horsey friend Miss Nellie Phaeton, used to amuse us greatly in the columns of the *Westminster Gazette*, and proved just as engaging in the more permanent establishment of a volume. I turn to my copy (dated 1894), with its horribly bad illustrations by a young man named Arthur Rackham, and lo! it is like going back a century. The women with their compressed waists, their tightly befrilled necks, and their monstrous leg-of-mutton sleeves, seem more remote than the ladies of Gainsborough or Sir Joshua, and the talk, smart and witty and entirely readable still, is nevertheless almost as ancient as the faded gallantries the poet heard tinkling out of Galuppi's Toccata. Youthful reader, do you wish to know how we looked and talked in the days before the old Queen reached her last Jubilee? Turn to Dolly in the early edition, and be as amused as you can. As for me, I feel chilly and grown old!

Anthony Hope, with his command of dialogue and the romantic spirit, seemed marked out as the coming dramatist—and there was sore need of one in the

'nineties! "The Prisoner of Zenda" was turned into a play (though not by its author) and ran for a year at the St. James's Theatre, with George Alexander in gallant form as the two Rudolfs, and Evelyn Millard looking superbly handsome as the Princess Flavia. Two years later came Anthony Hope's first original play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," a cloak and sword comedy, with a capital "breeches" part for Evelyn Millard, and a strong duelling scene for the curtain of the third act. The piece was an effective stage play and a popular success; but it was not quite what we had hoped for. The characters were just conventional creatures of the stage moving gracefully but obviously to an appointed situation; and the dialogue, graceful as it was, lacked the distinction of style exhibited in the author's stories. Thus our new dramatist was disappointingly like the old. His stage technique was as good as could be wished, but he seemed to have brought little else to market. "Pilkerton's Peerage," produced at the Garrick in 1902, was rather better. This is a modern political comedy with the Honours List as its theme. The satire is excellent, and still valid. Indeed, the play has even more cogency in 1918 than it had in 1902; for the alleged purity of political honours, always a joke, has now become what our new Allies would call a scream; moreover, all that we hear of the multiplied jobbery of the war gives an unpleasantly convincing emphasis to this utterance of the Prime Minister's Private Secretary:

"My dear Addisworth, you are an Earl, by courtesy, and a Member of Parliament, by an abuse. But you're young, and, in fact, green. You don't know the rules of this game. The government of this country is conducted on principles of purity, tempered by the traditions of the Constitution. You, as the Duke of Wrensford's son, are within those traditions, and any reasonable job will be managed for you. I, owing to my birth and office, am within those traditions to a less degree, and I hope and trust that some day a job—a moderately scandalous job—will be managed for me. But Pilkerton is not within those traditions. Accordingly to Pilkerton the principles of purity apply in all their native rigidity."

And that is how we are governed—the principles of purity having been rigidly applied to the exclusion of all possible brain power from all possible departments. Lord Rosebery once applied the principles of purity to a defence of Pitt's indifference to the impecunious poets of his day. Pitt really couldn't do anything for them, you know; it would have been an abuse of patronage; for you start with a genius and you end with a job. The epigram is neat, but not decisive. Your politician has no objection to ending with a job; what he objects to is beginning with a genius.

"Pilkerton's Peerage," with its many merits is, however, not a genuine literary success. It does not remain true to its world of comedy, but transgresses at times into the realm of farce. A comedy has certain responsibilities; a farce has only irresponsibilities. Now the theme of "Pilkerton's Peerage" is not farcical. A king, as we have seen, may be comic; but a Prime Minister may not be. The spectacle of a Prime Minister and his Private Secretary hanging on to the coat tails of an obscure M.P. to prevent him from applying for the Chiltern Hundreds at an inconvenient moment is funny indeed, but funny at the cost of conviction; and the conversion of the official apartments at Downing Street into a general rendezvous for attractive ladies and their friends makes one apprehensive of a possible beauty chorus to bring down the curtain with song. Times have changed since 1902. Ladies have not in recent years had quite such easy access to the Prime Minister's premises, and it seems ages since a Member of Parliament could say, "Had an evening off last night—count out at nine. Female suffrage coming on, so of course nobody kept a house."

With "Pilkerton's Peerage" Anthony Hope's connection with the stage has ceased. I do not count "English Nell," a version of "Simon Dale" (in collaboration with another hand); it is not an original play, and I am tepid about the originating novel. The defect is mine. I simply cannot like the respectable English historical play or story about Charles II. and Nell Gwynn; because if it is respectable it isn't true. Here are two persons, very improper, but very attractive, both deplorable of course, but nevertheless, two of the most engagingly human figures in our history. With all his sins, I would sooner have Charles II. than a dozen of his sainted father, and as for Nell—well, just look at Lely's portrait! Yet this winsome baggage has to be sentimentalised into a "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," sterilised, to make a Brixton matinée, before

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins in his study.

we venture on her acquaintance. I don't want to be hard on "Simon Dale," which is quite a good story of its kind; but I cannot think it is the last word on the subject of Nell Gwynn. The proprieties are almost terribly preserved, especially by the hero.

Anthony Hope's withdrawal from the stage is just a little disappointing. The signs seemed all in his favour; yet as it is we must paraphrase our Tacitus and say that by general consent he would have been accounted an excellent dramatist, had he not written his plays. His command of the medium is unquestionable; but in exercising it he seems to leave out something of his best. Apparently he has felt that he must choose between the stage and the novel, and he has elected to stand by his first love. It is difficult to deny that he has chosen well. His stories have a distinction all their own. From his first flights in the gay air of romantic adventure and sprightly dialogue, he has settled down into a sort of Trollopean canter, with stories of extremely nice people in extremely nice houses, disturbed now and then by troubles that may just touch tragedy, but that never finally upset the comely order of English country-house life. The matter is Trollopean, but the manner is Anthony Hope's, for he is always his own man. The dispossessed lord of Blent, the possessing (and prepossessing) female cousin (marriage in the last chapter inevitable), Lady Evenswood and her plotting friends, the hovering foreign couple, and the shaggy Prime Minister (an improvement on Pilkerton's benefactor), might all have come from Barchester; though the nicety of their speech at once betrays a different origin. The great Miss Driver's territorial manœuvres, her romantic flight and her return to conquer the countryside, might have happened in the same happy country. Trollope, however, could hardly have resisted the marriage from which Anthony Hope with subtler art refrains. "Quisanté," too, belongs to this world; and here I think that something of Trollope's fuller, cumulative method would have made a finer story. The novel, as it is, lacks breadth. Quisanté's political career is too brief for history. He has barely risen when he is struck down. The man himself, the outsider, with his lack of the antecedents expected in politics, with his excessive manner, his elaborated flourishes, his precarious taste and his gradual conquest of the aristocratic party leaders, is plainly suggested by Disraeli, with a modern Lord George Bentinck as his backer. But I wish Anthony Hope had given his hero a longer run. The character is quite one of his finest efforts.

Quite un-Trollopean is "Double Harness," the author's strongest book—strongest, not best. This is a tractate on marriage, and is perhaps a shade too carefully prepared for its purpose. The characters are nearly all couples unhappily assorted. For all the married characters in this book marriage is certainly a failure. The most gratuitously unhappy lady is the technical heroine, Sibylla Imason, who rebels against her silent, self-contained husband, because he has, it seems, a quiet inner life where he lives alone. This is perhaps annoying, but it hardly justifies desertion of husband and son and attempted elopement with a volubly soulful young man. Reconciliation and renewed understanding fortunately ensue. Certain difficulties and dangers of the married state are well divined and enunciated in this book. "I may have two better horses than your two," says an incorrigibly bachelor peer to one prospective husband in the story, "but your two may be the better pair—they will run better in double harness." The image is excellent, and should be pondered by the married and the about-to-marry. Possibly sentimental novelists and playwrights have contributed much to the disasters of marriage. Their theme, too often, is merely Love, as if Love were all, as if some initial ecstasy of first acquaintance, some call of the blood, some thrill of sympathy, some glamour of springtide, "a sunset touch, or fancy from a flower-bell," were sufficient stock for the life of two people together. The curtain falls, the story ends, with hero and heroine in each other's arms. But that lovers' embrace is but the prelude to adventure, it is the overture, not the finale. Love must come down to earth before it produces a marriage made in heaven.

"Double Harness" is a strong book, and it contains Anthony Hope's strongest scene. The frustrated elopement and the subsequent duel between husband and wife in the Sailors' Rest at Fairhaven, with the *tertium quid* as impotent spectator, would be a very moving stage piece. Here and in a notable scene of "Quisanté" the author ventures to let himself go. Too often he robs us of the dramatic touch, not indeed because he is afraid to let himself go, but because his characters are the kind of people who are afraid to let themselves go. In fact, they are too cursedly gentlemanly; they are always correct, they always have themselves well in hand. There is a passage in "A Servant of the Public" that gives the author's point of view. In a moment of tense, significant talk, husband and wife have suddenly revealed things that had been better left unsaid. Thus the author:

> "It may be safely said that, if the speakers had belonged to the outspoken classes, the foregoing conversation would not have stopped where it did, nor with the finality which, in fact, marked its close. It would have been lengthened, resumed and elaborated; its dramatic possibilities in the way of tragedy and comedy (it was deficient in neither line) would have been developed; properly and artistically handled, it must have led to something. But ordinary folk, especially perhaps ordinary English folk, make of their lives one grand waste of dramatic possibilities, and as things fell out the talk seemed to lead to nothing. . . . Neither then nor in the days that followed was any reference made to this after-dinner conversation, nor to the startling way in which the hidden had become open, the veil been for a moment lifted, and the thing which was between them declared and recognised. The dramatic possibilities were, in fact, absolutely neglected and thrown away."

It would appear, then, that the author's reticence, his great refusal to exploit dramatic situations is designed. But what a handicap to the novelist if his people, like Hedda Gabler, all insist that what is done must be done beautifully!

Anthony Hope is the last person to desire for himself the *éclat* that he denies his characters. No one would resent more instantly than he any friendly pretence that his books are epoch-making or momentous. They are, in fact, what he means them to be, quite pleasant comedies with a living vein of seriousness pulsing quietly within. His dialogue is really excellent,

as befits an author who has theorized on the matter—I treasure a privately printed pamphlet of his on Dialogue, issued by the English Association and now, I suppose, quite unobtainable. There is a capital little tragi-comedy in talk, called "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," buried with more trivial matter in an early volume, "Comedies of Courtship." It should be disinterred. Whatever may be wanting in his work, the note of good breeding and distinction is never absent. An ornate generation studied genteel deportment in the "novvle of 'Pelham'"; to-day the stories of Anthony Hope are in the best sense a school of manners. And he writes with the authority of knowledge. In the words of one of his own characters, he is quite "the usual thing—public school, Oxford, the Bar." He is a son of the late Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. From Marlborough he went up to Balliol as a Scholar, became President of the Union, came down with a capital degree, and ate himself into the Bar at the Middle Temple. While he was (again I quote from a character of his) "one of five thousand names on five hundred doors," he beguiled the briefless hours with writing, and duly emerged as a published novelist in 1890, three years after he was called. It soon became evident that the Bar, even to a relative of Mr. Justice Hawkins, was going to be a second string, and the barrister was finally swallowed up in the novelist. In the early days of his success, while he was still living with his father, he found it convenient to take chambers off the Strand for purposes of work. Hence arose a legend that he quite literally made a business of writing, going out daily to make novels from 10 to 4, and closing early on Saturday. A pretty gloss upon the facts—but perhaps there may be something to be said for the practice. I am sure Trollope would have approved. The Bar abandoned, one other distraction remained to be disposed of. A barrister who has been President of the Union is naturally bound to be tempted by a parliamentary career, and the novels afford many hints of the author's sneaking fondness for the life political. Anthony Hope once contested an election, but happily (shall we say?) he was unsuccessful. I think we had better say "happily," for he might have been lost to letters. A gift for fiction is always useful to a statesman. Anthony Hope seems just the stuff of which good Under Secretaries are made, and perhaps, like an earlier novelist, he might even have become Prime Minister! He certainly looks the part, and he has the right antecedents, a good voice, and a persuasive, authoritative manner. On the whole we had a narrow escape. In the House, Sir Anthony Hawkins would have given a touch of style to the Treasury Bench, which certainly needs it; in the pages of his pleasant books Anthony Hope has done other work of national importance, he has gladdened life and added to a nation's gaiety. No one could have a better title to honour.

WOMAN IN HIGH POLITICS.*

By RICHARD WHITEING.

THE range of this volume is a wide one though it dates only from 1834 to 1906, and its valid start is some ten years later than the first. But it serves to show that if there is a power behind the Throne, so also is there a power behind the Premiership, when the incumbent is blessed, or the other thing, with a wife. The blessing happily holds an easy lead throughout. The sole exception is the Lady Caroline Lamb, the first choice of the statesman who afterwards became Lord Melbourne, and was Prime Minister to Queen Victoria.

Lady Caroline was a "pickle," if ever there was one, a tameless quintessential being who could have given points to Goethe's Phillina in wild irresponsible eccentricity, and sheer lack of self guidance, or—to impute no graver fault—to Manon Lescaut. She was reared in a riot of wealth and senseless profusion at Devonshire House, and she had an earlier marriage (and

Mrs. Gladstone (on left) and her sister Lady Lyttelton on the lawn at Hawarden.
From "Wives of the Prime Ministers" (Nisbet).

* "Wives of the Prime Ministers." By Elizabeth Lee. With Contributions by Mrs. C. F. C. Masterman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

elopement) to her score before she accepted Lamb. She wrote verse before she could spell, flirted with every celebrity that came her way from Byron to old Godwin of Political Justice, and also "painted in water colours," as about her only qualification for the Kingdom of Heaven. A separation from Melbourne was inevitable, for he had his way to make in a Court that was new model or nothing, and that model—moral, for the very principle of its being. She is the Lady Montegle of Disraeli's "Venetia," and a protagonist of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe."

Morals get into their stride with Lady Peel, wife of the great statesman, and exquisitely pictured here, after Lawrence, as beauty winning by gentleness, not by provocation and disdain, and dignity with grace. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" whatever else is to supplant her in the worship of men. She was no politician but just one of the comforters: her object being to ward off all hindrances that threatened the efficiency of her champion.

Lord John Russell, *the* Lord Russell of the days when *Punch* was *Punch*, found his Egeria in his second marriage with a Scotch lady, one of the Mintos. "My mind is made up," she wrote to him, "my ambition is that you should be the head of the most moral and religious Government the country has ever had." But she had great flashes of insight that lighten our path to this day. This, for instance, when Ireland was at its worst under coercion, that the only true remedy lay in "a long course of mild and good government." She entertained splendidly at Pembroke Lodge in the interest of her husband's popularity, which with her was but another name for the prosperity of the nation. On off days the family circle read Lamartine, Macintosh, Prescott, Cowper, and Wordsworth, and "cried over David Copperfield until they were ashamed." She was an ardent Home Ruler; and, aristocrat as she was by birth, breeding, and connections, she proposed a short way with the House of Lords that now begins to rank among the fulfilments of prophecy.

Of the out and out manageresses of politics, Lady Palmerston is the type. Only Palmerston could have found such a wife, only she could have found such a mate to live up to, and for. As Lady Cowper by her first marriage, she had been content to manage Almacks, no mean apprenticeship to the art of government, but she had to wait for the second union to get all she wanted in the larger sphere of the wide, wide world. Here in each case, apparently, their bond of union was the sense of their perfect partnership in the game of ambition. They adored each other to the last, she had the man of her heart to work for; he the woman of his to work with. She brought him out of scrape after scrape, due to his masterfulness, and his contempt of his fellows. She kept open house for all who were likely to be of use to him, and rigorously erased them from the invitation lists if they happened to give him an adverse vote in the House. A French diplomatist summed it up in an aside to Disraeli. "What a wonderful system of society you have in England! I have not been on speaking terms with Lord Palmerston for three weeks, and yet here I am; but you see I am paying a visit to Lady Palmerston." She shares his grave in the Abbey, as though to be at hand in his interest in the next world.

Disraeli's, as befitted the man, was an extraordinary marriage in every way. He married for money, yet the union was charged with the very romance of happiness. Neither affected indifference to the question of the cash nexus that first brought them together. "Dizzy married me for my money," said the lady. Asked for the secret of his patience with her in many a *lapsus linguæ*, he answered "gratitude," and left it there. With this sense of a perfect bargain affection followed in due course, as in the carefully arranged French marriages it is supposed to do, and generally does. The story of her Spartan endurance of the torture of a crushed hand, lest a cry from her should upset his peace of mind in the delivery of a great speech, by no means stands alone. The author gives another of the same sort.

This was the ideal wife-ministrant, if Mrs. Gladstone was not the standardised exemplar of the type. She lived to keep her husband in condition for his gigantic labours. By nature she was the least methodical of women. She schooled herself until she became the most. She brewed the famous egg flip that he sipped during debate. When he dined out, she schemed opportunities for his unobserved enjoyment of the prescribed number of bites for his food, in his strange ritual of mastication. She never kept him waiting for dinner, though she often kept others, and these the highest in the land, without a pang. Lady Salisbury showed the same devotion, adapted to the circumstances of her husband's nature and peculiarities. But for her his bane might easily have been his aloofness from his fellows; she cured all that by making herself the model "entertainer" of the time, and her husband—not without protest—at least an unwilling sharer of his own hospitalities.

Lady Campbell-Bannerman was the Lady Macbeth of a generous scheme for keeping a naturally quiet man to the sticking place of a great public ambition. She saved him from the obscurity of the Speakership, and even of the House of Lords. To her no doubt we at least partly owe his opposition to the Boer War, but also his sovereign achievement of the settlement that followed the peace. (This—though, by the way, one of the authors has strangely left it out of the reckoning—must ever rank as one of the few capital transactions in human affairs.) It is more than probable, for tribute after tribute from adoring husbands shows that the ministrant wives could offer the most precious counsel in some of the gravest contingencies of public life.

The book is readable from the first line to the last; and not least so in its incidental vindication of the Victorian period at its best as one of the finest in our history. Other times, other measures, but this is how our giants of old were inspired. We may equal them in the future, but they will surely be hard to beat on any theory of a new relationship of the sexes which that future may have in store.

THE RETURN OF THE ESSAY.*

AT irregular intervals a new Jeremiah rises up to assure us that the essay has fallen into disfavour and there is no longer any public for it. But though its popularity has fluctuated—as all popularity must—at no time since the days of Bacon has the essay suffered anything in the nature of eclipse; it has at its lowest ebb retained a respectable following, and just now its star is in the ascendant, for the general reader is visibly taking it to his heart again. Nobody expects to see it recover the vogue of its prime; the excitements of our morning and evening dailies have spoiled us for experiencing the thrill of expectation with which our fathers anticipated seeing on their breakfast tables, two days a week, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Rambler*, or *Idler*, with nothing in it but a quiet essay. Yet, all along, certain of our weekly periodicals have continued to cultivate it, the better of our dailies have found it worth while to mitigate the thunderous orchestra of their news columns with its occasional solo; and latterly two, at least, of our evening organs have made a special feature of it, and have discovered it is one of those things that the reading public wants.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Robert Lynd.**

For my own part, I know that if I were that hard-worked hypothetical person on a desert island I would sooner have with me for my delectation a set of the essayists than the works of all the novelists and of all the poets; for almost every other form of literature comes within the scope of the essay. It is by turns lyrical, didactic, narrative, and descriptive. Poetry, history, criticism, biography, philosophy, art, science, travel, religion, politics, fact or fiction, the deepest wisdom and the idlest folly, the loftiest speculations and the homeliest personal gossip, the great mysteries of life and death and the ordinary affairs of plain men and women—no subject comes amiss to it, and it lends itself as readily to the lightest as to the gravest of our moods.

Here is a little batch of recent essays that shall serve to vindicate my eulogy. Alexander Smith says the essayist's main gift is "an eye to discover the suggestiveness of common things; to find a sermon in the most unpromising texts"; and "Alpha of the Plough" is one of the essayists who has this gift, and does that. He is pleasantly gossipy on "Reading in Bed," "In Praise of Walking," or on Boswell and his Johnson; thoughtful and suggestive when he comes to write of "Courage," of "Thoughts at Fifty," or of "Rewards and Riches," and whimsically and wisely humorous about "Short Legs and Long Legs," "On Wearing a Fur-Lined Coat," or "On a Top Hat." He takes for his themes the everyday things that concern everybody and discusses them with an insight and an easy familiar style that make both profitable and pleasant reading. If there were no public for the essay his book, "Pebbles on the Shore," could not have been so successful at a shilling in Dent's "Wayfarer's Library" that it has now been issued in more expensive form illustrated by some hundred of C. E. Brock's delightful drawings.

The half dozen Irish literary studies in Ernest Boyd's "Appreciations and Depreciations" are admirable examples of the critical and biographical essay. The two ablest, perhaps, are the study of "A. E." as mystic and economist, and that of Standish O'Grady's political writings—few things in the book are more interesting than Mr. Boyd's acute and sympathetic analysis of the brave personality of that aristocratic democrat. There are careful and revealing criticisms of the Irish essayist known as "John Eglinton" and of Lord Dunsany's fantasies. Nor is there any denying the shrewdness and brilliance of the essays on Bernard Shaw and Professor Dowden, even though I think Mr. Boyd occasionally allows his judgments or opinions here to be warped by national prejudices. One can understand his not loving the English, but he is too bent on belittling them so as to obtain a favourable contrast, and in one place quotes with apparent approval the notion of Standish O'Grady that Irishmen have "their dominant influence wherever the English language is spoken, thanks to greater skill of voice and pen."

And the facts do not testify to this greater skill. The irresponsible claim to it smacks of that absurd contention, dealt with by Professor Hugh Walker in "The Revelation of England through her Poetry" (which is none the less an essay for having been a lecture), that "the really poetical elements in English poetry are due

* 'Pebbles on the Shore." By "Alpha of the Plough." Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Appreciations and Depreciations." By Ernest A. Boyd. 3s. 6d. net. (London: Fisher Unwin—Dublin: Talbot Press.)—"The Revelation of England through her Poetry." By Professor Hugh Walker, LL.D. 1s. net. (Oxford Press.)—"If the Germans Conquered England, and Other Essays." By Robert Lynd. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)—"Mountain Meditations." By L. Lind-af-Hageby. 4s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"A Number of Things." By Dixon Scott. Edited by Bertram Smith. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

to the Celtic strain." As Mr. Walker says, "There is not a particle of reason to believe that the blood of the poets has been mixed in other proportions than the blood of the average Englishman"; and if the theory is true, how is it that the Celtic fringe, possessing all the unadulterated milk of the Celtic temperament, has not itself produced the greatest poets instead of leaving the despised English to do that? One might more reasonably urge that an infusion of English blood would make greater poets of the Celts. "I hold," says Professor Walker, who is himself a Celt, by the way, "that the common conception that the English spirit is essentially prosaic is untenable in face of a glorious poetical literature stretching over nearly six centuries." The Englishman lacks many of the virtues of other peoples, but he can hold his own with the pen.

Robert Lynd is as incurable an Irishman as Mr. Boyd, but of another type. He is rightly satirical and bitter enough when he touches on the undoubted follies, hypocrisies, ugly weaknesses, of our Anglo-Saxon character, but he is able also to recognise that we have redeeming points, and is generous in his acknowledgment of these. His irony has teeth in it, but the prevailing quality of his essays is a humour as genial, as charitable as Lamb's or Goldsmith's, and if he does not love London so much as he ought to, he is not insensible to the magic of its beauty in certain aspects, and I am not going to quarrel with the moods that move him from time to time to picture what he dislikes in it with such imaginative cunning and charm of phrase. Politics, the war, all sorts of matters of the moment enter into his "If the Germans Conquered England, and Other Essays," and the delicate irony of the essay that gives the book its title is based on such irrefutable logic as to leave you no choice but to subscribe to its conclusions, whether you are Irish or English, Socialist or Tory. Mr. Lynd has the essayist's indispensable gift of personality, he interests you in himself and his point of view, and alike when he is describing what he observed "On Taking a Walk in London," what he experienced when he was called up for military service in "White Citizens," or when he is studying human psychology in "Courage," "Coward Conscience," "Ruthlessness" or "The Spirit of Man," he has always something fresh and suggestive to say, and knows how to say it.

The war and other subjects of the day furnish Miss Lind-af-Hageby with material for her "Mountain Meditations," and she also blends the severities of her criticism with the saving grace of humour. She is herself a notable social reformer, but this does not deter her from laughing, in "Reformers," at the absurdities that are done in the name of reform, and the eccentric outlook of those who do them. She writes scathingly and finely, too, on "Nationality," and with a wide-visioned impartiality sees that "the freaks of nationalism are as remarkable as the freaks of internationalism"; and with the same impartiality and a devastating frankness she diagnoses our national complaint in "Religion in Transition"—one of the most powerful and closely reasoned of the many indictments we have had of the Church's failure in the war. You have her own religion, her faith in a future life, and her speculations on death and the hereafter in "The Borderland" and "Mountain Tops." The publishers are amply justified in describing this as "a book by a mountain-lover for all who love to climb in spirit and in body."

Yet I have not found more pleasure in any of my half dozen than in the second posthumous volume of Dixon Scott's essays, "A Number of Things," wherein we are exercised by no vexed problems of the hour, for they were all written in the years before the coming of the war in which he was to lay down his life. These have nothing in common with the masterly critical studies that make up his "Men of Letters," except the natural, individual notes of style, temperament, fundamental way of thinking. Here he is away from the study, glorying in the freedom of "The Mysterious Road," the sights and sounds and scents of the open air, and in revolt against or quite forgetting the tyranny of books. "The year's at the spring" with him, "and day's at the morn, and—writing's a bore." He introduces you, in "The Shadow," to a friend who, I have reason to believe, was no other than himself, and who is staying idly at home in order to make arrangements for undergoing a dangerous operation, and feels as if he were for the first time on holiday, seeing everything vividly for the first time (because it may be the last) and finding it wonderful. Loitering in his garden, he points out that:

> "even here, you know, in this bit of a back garden, I can't get away from the suggestiveness—the emphasis of things. Why, this patch is for all the world like a witches' cauldron. You go about with a hoe. You poke and you stir. And then—pouf!—out rushes the maddest riot—colours and odours and queer, uncanny shapes. Pink foam of poppies. And crimson bubbles of roses. And over there, I solemnly assure you, gobbets of juicy red flesh! Fact! Things my little niece Margot calls 'stlawbellies.'"

But for sheer beauty of thought and imaginative feeling I think he never did anything that surpassed "The Winds." Through most of these papers it is a real and a deep love of nature that inspires him; he pictures the earth and the skies, the clouds and the river, the loveliness that flowers in woods and fields and by the wayside, flashing a whole scene upon you in some jewelled phrase, or catching the thoughts and visions that come to him in his solitary ramblings, putting them into coloured words and quaint fancies, and, by the measured music of his prose, subduing you to sharing in his changing humours and gracious philosophy. Withal he never gets quite beyond a subtle appreciation of human neighbourhood, as you gather from his glamorous description of the return home after "Motoring at Night," or his sensitiveness to its fascination in "The Glamour of the Town." It was an article of Scott's faith that "it is only bad books that breed bookworms," and no bookworm could have written "A Number of Things," and no man is likely to become a bookworm by reading it. For it is emphatically one of the good books; a book to put in your knapsack and read on a journey, or to read by the fireside, and so enjoy, having this prose poet as guide and interpreter, all the pleasures of several journeys, with no walking to leave you tired at the close.

Martinus Scriblerus.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto, original or selected, for V.A.D. Workers.

(The Prize of Three Books will be offered next month for the best tribute in six lines of original verse to the British housewives, who are bearing the brunt of the Food difficulties.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Violet D. Chapman, 5, Rue Bassano, Paris, France, for the following:

EN FRANCE.

The wind blows down the boulevard,
The skies are dull and leaden grey—
The poilu, in his coat of blue,
Strides down the frosty avenue
And, whistling, passes on his way.

There is a lightness in the air,
In spite of Winter's icy breath,
And hearts beat high, and hopes arise,
Unheeding that upon them lies
The shadow of the land of death!

The little children in the street
Are laughing in their childish play—
Perhaps they are too young to know
The father brave who loved them so
Was killed in battle yesterday!

And women pass me in the crowd
Of those whose loved ones paid the price—
Yet, looking in their eyes, I find
No soul to hopeless grief resigned,
But strong, glad joy in sacrifice!

Perhaps we do not understand
The aching hearts that laugh the while,
For England hides with stoic calm
Her grievous wounds that find no balm—
But France—France suffers with a smile!

We also select for printing:

AT NAZARETH.

When Joseph set his skilful hands
To carve a stool or form a door,
And little Jesus, playing round
Took shavings from the earthen floor,

He strove to make, as Joseph did
Those common things for every day,
'Twas not a Cross, the Baby hands
Were fain to fashion in their play.

But little stools and little doors,
He proudly brought to Mary's knee;
And she saw wonder in the work—
Love's wonder of maternity.

And still to-day, in common things,
We see His miracles of Grace
As everyday and wonderful
As when He smiled in Mary's face

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

Mr. Basil Clarke,

whose new book, "My Round of the War" (Heinemann), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

There's a sound that is more than the splendour
  Of moonlight or morning to me,
And more than the music made tender
  With thoughts that are born of the sea;
More than songs of all lovers sung after
  The kiss that makes glad for a day:
A sweetness eternal—the laughter
  Of children at play.

Once losing it, none can recapture
  Their joy that in laughter is heard;
Their hearts here alone know the rapture
  Wherewith harps of angels are stirred.
With the wealth of the world in his clutches
  A man may lose all that is giv'n,
And the children have all; for of such is
  The kingdom of heav'n.

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

A LITTLE SONG.

I send this song across the sea
Upon the bosom of the wind,
And when you hear its gentle plea
  O listen, and be kind.

You did not know what treasure store
Lay hid for you that summer day—
I did not learn Love's tender lore
  Until you went away.

And so I send this little song,
Softer than sigh of wind or sea,
Yet Love alone shall make it strong
  To call you back to me.

(May Herschel-Clarke, 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich, S.E.18.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), M. E. Mason (Reigate), L. Nugent (London, S.W.), H. Drury (Streatham), F. (Leysin, Switzerland), V. D. Goodman (Gillingham), Rev. Percy T. Cash (Ceylon), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghr), K. (Catford), Mary C. Mair (Hampstead), H. K. Ainsworth (London, W.C.), Adela M. Stones (Derby), Frederick Hedden (Jersey), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), E. A. Cregeen (Sidcup), Anthea (Exmouth), A. Roderick-Williams (Manchester), Mary Yelland (Arosa, Switzerland), Ralph C. B. Harbord (Enniskean), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Albert J. Farnsworth (Horrabridge), Gladys L. Gibson (Clitheroe), J. C. van Noorden (Highgate), J. Hilton (Cambridge), Gertrude J. S. Fleming (Glasgow), Annie Smith (Great Harwood), W. T. (Newport), I. L. Watts (Regent's Park), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Edith Arundel (Putney), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Eileen M. Seward (Edinburgh), Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Jeffrey Kitley (Derby), Eileen M. Stott (Southampton), Margaret E. Fish (Liverpool), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Richard Tucker (Tavistock), C. E. Ransom (Torquay), A. J. Perman (Merthyr Tydfil), Elizabeth Holmes (Aughton), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Wilma Buckley (St. Clears), Anne Richardson (Camberwell), E. K. N. (London, S.W.), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), Murdoch MacLean (Edinburgh), Noelle Ffrench (Mount Talbot), Robert Hunter McCrea (Chesterfield), Kenneth Spooner (Birmingham), B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Bernard Lillington (Evesham), Ruth B. Robinson (Hunstanton), H. L. Blackwell (Leicester), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), Kathleen Luck (Paddock Wood), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), B. E. Stevens (Washford), G. (Beckenham), R. S. Baker (Dudley), Edith E. Hammond (Edinburgh), Doris M. Hateley (Birmingham), Peggie Lawford, A. Violet Gandy (Bath).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Robinson, of 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath, for the following:

THE AMATEUR'S GREENHOUSE.
By T. W. SANDERS. (Collingridge.)

"The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!"

BYRON.

We also select for printing:

SECRET BREAD. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. (Heinemann.)

"Our hoard is little."

TENNYSON, *The Marriage of Geraint.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

SUITORS FOR CINDERELLA.
By ISABEL PEACOCKE. (Ward, Lock.)

"Each wanted to make her his own."

Bab Ballads.

(Ronald Harley, 2/4 R. Warwickshire Regt., 1/5 North General Hospital, Leicester.)

THE VISION SPLENDID. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Harrap.)

"Some white bread and butter."

OLD NURSERY RHYME, *Little Tom Tucker.*

(Mrs. A. E. Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)

THE VICTIM. By MARY E. MANN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

(Miss L. Wilson, 1, Burstock Road, Putney, S.W.)

III.—This Prize is divided, and we award TWO NEW BOOKS to Mrs. E. S. Ormsby, of 71, Thorney Hedge Road, Gunnersbury, W.4, and Two to Mary Parfitt, of Pentre Secondary School, Ystrad, Rhondda, Glamorganshire, for the following:

HOW I AM ECONOMISING.

I am using less sleep, less food, fewer words, fewer amusements, less fuel, less light, less fuss, less impatience and bad temper, fewer frowns, and practically no hired labour.

But I am becoming extravagant in smiles, in happiness, despite the terrible conditions, in the tendency "to try the *uplook* if one can't face the *outlook*"; in fact, I hope I am a more helpful woman because of the war.

I do all my own cooking and serving of meals, and have learnt to make a little go far. One hears of the depreciation of the spending value of the sovereign—mine does as much work as it did in 1915, but it does not provide the same articles.

Before, bacon—now, porridge; before, meat every day—now, meat for Sunday, Monday and Wednesday; Cook's Farm eggs for Tuesday; rabbit or sausages for Thursday; fish for Friday; and a nut meat mould (served with curry gravy) for Saturday. Fruit and vegetables, milk and cocoa, cereals and bread, complete my family diet: my margarine is beaten with milk to turn it into the very creamiest butter, nearly double its weight, and my sugar is saved for jam and marmalade.

Thus I economise.

MRS. E. S. ORMSBY.

HOW I ECONOMISE.

Boots with studs! I scorned these before the war and refused to wear them. "But how are the mighty fallen," for now leather is so scarce and boots so expensive that for the sake of economy, one is obliged to endure

Lieutenant (acting Captain) Charles J. B. Masefield,

a selection of whose war poems appears in "More Songs by the Fighting Men" (Erskine Macdonald). Lieutenant Masefield, a cousin of John Masefield, died of wounds in July last.

"protectors." I always feel that I can be heard approaching from a long way off, although I am slowly becoming accustomed to the "tinny" sound I make when I walk. There is comfort to be gained from the thought that others beside myself wear things they never dreamed of in times of peace. The shortage of sugar and butter compels economy. When spreading butter, nowadays, one should really wear magnifying glasses. However, I manage by eating butter at certain meals only, and on no account do I break the rule of "butter, no jam," and "jam, no butter." The easiest way, in my opinion, to save sugar is to do without it in tea. Cocoa is bitter without it, and porridge is tasteless, while tea is quite palatable "unsugared," and after all—it *does* quench your thirst much better. Thus my economising consists of wearing studs in my boots, allowancing my butter and taking no sugar in my tea.

MARY PARFITT.

We select for special commendation the twelve essays sent by Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), H. L. Blackwell (Leicester), B. Hawkins (Leckford), V. E. Dismore (Southend), Ronald Harley (Leicester), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), A. A. A. (Hampstead), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Phyllis R. Webb (Yorks), Doris Jones (Rhondda), Private Harry Fowler (Woking).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to H. W. Mottram, of 27, Moscow Court, London, W.2, for the following:

POETS OF THE INSURRECTION.
(Maunsel.)

This slim paper-bound volume contains an appreciation of the literary work of four of the leaders of that ill-fated Easter Day rebellion in Ireland—Pearse, Plunkett, MacDonagh and McEntee. There are five essays by various authors, each one quite short, but the labour of love which fashioned them has framed a memorial worthy of the subject. Whatever views we may hold on the politics of these men, there can be no two opinions as to the undoubted beauty and merit of their poetry. "Oh! The pity of it" must be our prevailing thought as we lay down this book.

We also select for printing:

W. E. FORD: A BIOGRAPHY.
BY KENNETH RICHMOND AND J. D. BERESFORD.
(Collins.)

Collaboration between a novelist with a taste for philosophy and an expert in education has produced neither fiction, nor educational treatise, nor philosophical disquisition, but an amalgam of the three, full of suggestion and giving profound cause for thought. Whether Ford was genuine is extremely doubtful, but he stands for a type of original thinker who attempts to formulate a philosophy of life without regard for the trammels of convention or the dead hand of custom; and by practical experiment in education to translate his theories into a working system. In time of Reconstruction this volume is very opportune.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

A LITERARY PILGRIM IN ENGLAND.
BY EDWARD THOMAS. (Methuen.)

This is a book of indescribable charm and pathos. Of charm, because the reader is taken on a pilgrimage through some of the most glorious parts of Great Britain, where he is enabled to view the homes and surroundings of a number of writers who have added glory to English literature. It is a journey which is made without weariness or fatigue, and one reaches the last stage with a regret that the end is in sight. Of pathos, since the writer of this delightful volume has gone on that pilgrimage from which none ever return, having rendered the supreme sacrifice on the fateful fields of France! He lives with us still, for his volumes stand on our bookshelves fragrant with his genial influence!

(Mannington Sayers, Northgate, Totnes.)

THE LOOM OF YOUTH. BY ALEC WAUGH.
(Grant Richards.)

In this book Alec Waugh has achieved something never attempted before—himself a boy of seventeen, he has told us the absolute truth about boyhood, more especially as it exists in the Public School. He follows his principal character all through his years at "Fernhurst," and, in analysing his development with amazing subtlety, he brings out sharply the interaction of personality and the Public School system. An iconoclastic book, it will give schoolmasters and parents to think furiously; but it not only rings true—here and there its unvarnished realism is lit with the strange beauty of real poetic insight.

(Kathleen W. Coates, Chicheley Lodge, Market Harborough.)

We specially commend the twenty reviews by Private Victor Stalker (Egypt), H. Leonard (Skipton), Agnes Macaulay (Rugby), M. A. Newman (Brighton), M. M. Westcott (East Twickenham), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Florence H. Ellis (Halifax), M. Terry (Ulverston), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), E. M. Peet (Manchester), Olive M. Baker (Goole), Gertrude J. Woodthorpe (Hale), Maud Montagu Bruce (Sunningdale), E. Beechey (Pentre), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), H. S. (Hove), B. M. Tylee (Bath), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), W. Swayne Little (Blackrock), C. W. E. Webb (Southam), Mary Gales (Blackheath), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), H. Hatton (Hoylake).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Vincent Hamson, R.N.A.S., of 107, Denmark Street, Bedford.

New Books.

SACRED AND PROFANE.

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves's "Celtic Psaltery"[1] ought to be two-thirds its size. After the spirited translations with their ingenious rhyming of hymns and prayers (mainly) of Irish saints and hermits, after the Welsh bards, "Father O'Flynn" and "Ould Doctor Mack," good as they are, seem out of place and give the book an appearance of hotch-potch. A fastidious judgment too would have rejected verses about King Edward and Lord Kitchener from the very other-worldly company of the Celtic translations. On the other hand Mr. Graves's beautiful personal poems at the end of the volume strike no discordant note. Many of the poems he translates are beautiful, from the "Breast-plate of St. Patrick," the greatest of all Irish prayers, down to the prayers when the turf, the seed of fire, is covered over in the night, or when one first wakes up, or the charms against various ills of the body or against enemies, and so on. All these Mr. Graves approaches in the spirit of reverence and with something of the child-like faith which was in the original makers. The result is a very charming and winning book.

"Wellington Verses"[2] come from Wellington, New Zealand. There is the free air of the Dominion in them. Mr. Bowden's verse runs as easily and naturally as a clear little stream down hill. One likes it very much. It has not the conventions of the Dominion poets which had their origin in Bret Harte and—*longo intervallo*—Adam Lindsay Gordon. He has travelled by way of the *Sydney Bulletin* as so many of the young Australasian poets seem to do. These are good patriotic songs, ardent with a boy's love for his country and his town, the beloved places which twine themselves about one's heart like living loves. And the delight in him runs into a singing and dancing metre like this:

"Pools upon the pavement round as pallid moons,
Sobs within the doorways, tears upon the pane,
High up in the housetops the lost wind croons,
The dim streets of Wellington are musical with rain.

"But the wet folk of Wellington go laughing to and fro,
Oh, any heart's a merry heart that's sheltered from the rain,
And a grey phrase whispers of the storms of long ago,
And a gay lip is singing that the wind will swing again.

"The garden of the City is breaking into bloom,
Shop fronts are tulip beds, and some are daffodils,
And lights like early primroses are showing mid the gloom,
Behind the swaying curtains, above the window sills."

Not very subtle perhaps, but one feels as though a boy went by trolling a song in the wet night.

"Open Eyes"[3] is a little book of sensitive poetry, illustrated by a very young artist, with visions as delicate as the poetry. The little volume has real imagination and true vision. It has a simple and sincere beauty that puts the sophisticated poets to shame. There are lovely things about woods and fairies and fields and flowers. Dorothy Grenside—is it Greenside?—the green-side of the world—has had her eyes touched with a fairy ointment and she sees, and in Bessie Fyfe, aged sixteen, she has a fellow artist who has seen too and reproduces with her pencil the visions both have seen. Oh! the little book is full of refreshment like a daisied field on a May day, after many sophisticated books. This very human poem is perhaps the most austere thing in this slender volume of imagination and delight.

PARTING.

"The day has come—
Let us sit silently in the dear room
Where we have spent so many sunlit hours;
And through the gloom
Let us remember that no sorrow sours
The sweet of understanding.
Alas! how swift of wing,
The day has come!

"The day has come—
Rest you again but once in your same chair,
That I may press my head against your knee.
So, touch my hair
With that dear straying hand that tenderly
Brushes the pain away.
And let me strive to say—
The day has come!"

We shall hear of this partnership again.

Max Plowman is of the poets who have arrived. His "Lap Full of Seed"[4] has been hailed by the competent critics. In a very self-conscious preface he makes his apology for his poems, which exalt the beauty of the body to all appearance and yet are not without the beauty of the spirit. The simple reader would find in him a stumbling-block. Indeed he is not to be commended to such: and many of what one might take for his obvious thoughts might well shock the simple. But after all it is Love he sings and not the horror that mocks the shape of Love. He founds himself on Blake, but he has more of his master's difficulty than his beautiful simplicity. When you read him you must bend your brows over him. He is not for those who run to read while they run. One feels that he will have his circle who will find the difficulty worth while. But he will not have many readers in this mood.

Perhaps Mr. Plowman is almost too close to his model. Blake had difficulty, but he had also surprising clarity, and the things that matter to the world are the "Songs of Innocence," the "Songs of Experience," not the "Book of Thel."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

GERMANY FROM WITHIN.*

Ten years before the war M. Marc Henry went to live in Munich; he sojourned in other German cities, and has written here a very acute, very entertaining account of everyday life as it was lived in those places, and of the literary, bohemian, military, socialist and other circles with which he came in touch. He is no rabid Germanophobe, and as impartially reveals the virtues as the vices and absurdities of the race beyond the Rhine. His character studies, descriptions and anecdotes are delightfully salted with humour, and, altogether, his picture of social Germany down into the early days of the war deserves to rank with the most intimate and brilliant things of its kind.

The letter from a German intellectual, Carl von Levetzow, included in an epilogue, is as ruthlessly and honestly critical of his own country as are the books of the author of "J'accuse."

A PROPHETESS OF FREEDOM.†

The makers of indestructible toys will get a rude shock when they read what Madame Montessori has to say about the environment of young children. Instead of having iron-bound desks able to resist the impact of the most violent young person, black tables on which the inkstains of the most careless young scribe produce no tell-tale blot, golly-wogs that decline to fall to pieces under the most severe treatment, we are to have light tables that children can easily carry about the room, table tops of

[1] "A Celtic Psaltery." By Alfred Perceval Graves. 6s. net. (S.P.C.K.)
[2] "Wellington Verses." By Boyce Bowden. 1s. (Wellington, New Zealand: Whitcombe & Tombs.)
[3] "Open Eyes." By Dorothy Grenside. 2s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)
[4] "A Lap Full of Seed." By Max Plowman. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)
* "Beyond the Rhine." By Marc Henry. 6s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
† "The Advanced Montessori Method." By Maria Montessori. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

spotless whiteness and capable of washing at the hands of the youngsters, and dainty dolls that succumb under the most elementary ill-usage. The principle involved is expressed in the recommendation to give children "china plates and glass drinking-vessels, for these objects become the *denouncers* of rough, disorderly and undisciplined movements." Madame Montessori evidently believes in the principle, "spare the plate and spoil the child." After all, indestructibility has only an economic not an educational justification, and our Italian "pedagogist"—she has no right to resent the term since she applies it to others—has confidence in giving freedom to young children, regarding a good education as cheaply bought at the price of a few broken tumblers. Besides, there will not be very many breakages after all; she tells us that children respond to trust and become rapidly both careful and skilful.

What Kenneth Grahame has done on the artistic plane in his delineation of the Olympians, Madame Montessori does on the plane of severe common sense, by giving a matter of fact account of how our grown-up methods and appliances are imposed, without modification, on our helpless young people. She is often accused of advocating mere licence among young children, whereas all that she claims is that they should be allowed by their preferences to indicate the best line of natural progress. Limitations there must be. To begin with, she has always recognised that the freedom of one individual must be bounded by the freedom of another. Now comes the limitation of the breakable object. No doubt there are parents who shake their heads about the value of this limitation, but Madame Montessori does not speak merely from *a priori* expectations, but from the results of actual experience. She finds that her system works.

The anxious parent or teacher is mainly worried about the beginning of this system of freedom, and our prophetess meets their doubts by the reassuring statement that at the beginning of Montessori schools there is a period of lawlessness for the children and depression for the teachers. But invariably in a longer or shorter period—we should greatly like more detailed information about the length of these periods—a spirit of discipline begins to spread, and thereafter all goes well. In the case of the individual child this discipline takes the form of spontaneous attention. Every child who is not technically "defective" becomes easily interested in something—the kind of thing varying within enormously wide limits—and as soon as attention is secured for anything, the battle is practically won. The rest of the teacher's work consists in manipulating the environment so as to guide the natural development of the pupil's powers. This manipulation leaves the child's freedom intact, except, as is naïvely confessed, for occasional lessons, of a few seconds at a time, during which there is a slight interference. Teachers will be greatly interested in certain diagrams in Madame Montessori's chapter on her contributions to experimental science. There they will find records of the gradual development of the power and desire for work in the case of various types of children left entirely to themselves in the choice of whether to work or not, and also in the selection of the kind of work. The authoress maintains that "freedom in intellectual work is found to be the basis of internal discipline." She claims that the great achievement of her schools "is to produce disciplined children." To be sure her idea of discipline is remote indeed from what too often stands for discipline in the mind of the conventional teacher.

Space does not permit me to speak of the chapter on Intelligence, with its educational version of the famous *credo ut intelligam*. But it would be wrong to pass over the contention in the chapter on Imagination that fairy tales and fables should be eliminated from school and nursery. Madame Montessori does not call Plato as a witness. I suppose because he dismissed the poets for a different reason. Her contention is that fairy tales do not cultivate the imagination but merely help to make tolerable an unsatisfied desire. What they do really train is credulity. Some of us may think there is no great harm in that. Has it not been said that "Credulity is the charm of childhood"? But Madame Montessori would reply that the charm exists for us, not for the children, and that we have no right to sacrifice them for our own personal gratification.

Progressive teachers will find much to criticise in Madame Montessori's new presentation, but they will find more to stimulate inquiry. It rests with our schools to give this new freedom a fair trial. Its prophetess has done her part.

JOHN ADAMS.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.*

Instead of inventing romantic historical tales, Mr. Rafael Sabatini has, this time, gone back into actual history and reconstructed and retold a series of stories about people who really lived and events that really happened, and they are as striking, as powerfully dramatic, and as romantic as any that the wit of man could invent. He has not merely related them in the spirit of the sturdy historian slavishly compiling facts, but has rightly given the rein to his imagination, has realised the individualities of his dramatis personæ so that they move on his stage as flesh and blood men and women, and has endowed them with such thought and speech as they must have used in playing the parts they played. In some cases, too, he has supplied motives and incidents to fill gaps in the old records and so rounds off a story that history has left incomplete in certain of its details.

He begins with "The Night of Holyrood," the tale of Rizzio's assassination, and with "The Night of Kirk o' Field," that traces with minute imaginative realism all the forces of temperament and circumstance that led up to the bizarre tragedy of Darnley's death. "The Night of Charity" is that brave and piteous story of how Lady Alice Lisle paid with her life for innocently giving shelter to a rebel escaping after Sedgemoor fight; the official account in the State Trials is powerfully dramatised and furnished with detail and cunningly steeped in the atmosphere of the period. "The Night of Gems" is the famous affair of the Queen's necklace that fascinated Carlyle; and "The Night of Nuptials," perhaps one of the most striking things in the book, tells how Charles the Bold did justice on one of his representatives who basely tricked a despairing wife into paying the price of her husband's pardon and then had him hanged, for a treason of which he was guiltless, before she could reach his prison with the useless order for his release. Mr. Sabatini has taken his themes from the chronicles of England, France, Spain, Italy, Sweden, and with the shrewdest art and most sympathetic insight has made the dry bones of history so live again in these thirteen stories that they read like truth, and because of the truth that is in them are more subtly interesting than any fictions. It is a brilliant and, despite the bizarre grimness of some of its romance, a thoroughly enjoyable book.

SCOTTISH BOOKMEN OF TO-DAY.†

If this is a first book it is uncommonly well done. Yet some very representative names have been passed over, while others are included which one scarcely expected to see on any roll of the representative writers of Scotland. Neil Munro, for instance, might have had a place among these moderns. John Buchan also. And there are others who could be mentioned. As it is, the papers are remarkably fresh and interesting. Indeed, the book may be welcomed not only for its own sake, but also as an earnest

* "The Historical Nights' Entertainment." By Rafael Sabatini. 6s. net. (Martin Secker.)

† "Modern Scottish Writers." By W. M. Parker. 5s. (Hodge & Co.)

of better things to come. Mr. Parker is evidently the newest critic who has swung into the Scottish firmament, and we may be sure that more will be heard of him.

Of twelve models of literary Scotsmen who pass under his keen, inspecting gaze, five are no longer here. Lang and Stevenson, William Sharp, John Davidson, and that "herald of revolt," George Douglas Brown—all are gone. Among the seven who still "carry on," Sir J. M. Barrie is easily *princeps*. Here, happily, are also Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir George Douglas, and William Paton Ker, of University College, London. The excellent qualities of the last named, his boundless range of erudition, his solid contributions to our knowledge of English literature have not been recognised as they should, and to appraise them now is both generous and timely. Professor Ker has never sought to push himself into the limelight. But few men have done finer work. As Mr. Parker truly says, he "has stormed the stout ramparts of mediæval literature, conquered the region, and made it peculiarly his own." Another of those who have barely come to their own, spite of years of splendid endeavour, is Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. Much of his work is of a distinctly enthralling type. Mr. Graham has been a great traveller. He has described life in many lands, but I question if he has given us anything better than the stories of his own grey Northern land, in which "the eccentric old characters of a past generation are limned by an endearing hand." If this scion of Gartmore had kept his foot but a little firmer on his native heath there is no saying what his place among Scottish romancers would have been. Now he actually threatens to put aside his pen and fill the hours with learned leisure. Why does he take so rash a step? Mr. Cunninghame-Graham is not an old man, forsooth! Can one imagine that so gallant and cavalier figure—like some Velazquez portrait sprung to life—like Cervantes himself in his bloom, ever becoming less sprightly either in brain or body, less able to charm a host of readers for many a long day yet?

There is the ring of fair and honest criticism running through each of these skilful delineations, a mood of kindliness, and a sort of expression of humble thanksgiving for all the good Scots who flit through the pages of an eminently delightful essay. One must repeat that if this is a first book, it is an uncommonly good one.

W. S. CROCKETT.

WILTSHIRE CHURCHES AND ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.*

Mr. Hutton's addition to the delightful "Highways and Byways" series is on the whole a disappointing book, in spite of much excellent and studious work and of some distinguished chapters. The average cultivated man has a catholic mind and when he goes touring is wide awake to every conceivable interest of the country. The strength of the "Highways and Byways" series has been that they have responded to every legitimate interest. Mr. Hutton's weakness is that to all intents and purposes he conceives the tourist as affected only by architecture and archæology and careless of most of the human and natural interests of a country. It is a profound mistake and, from this faulty judgment, Mr. Hutton's book comes off badly by comparison with other volumes of the series.

This is illustrated by Mr. Hutton's treatment of literature, though indeed it could as easily be proved by reference to many other subjects. It is an essential of all such books that they should deal adequately with the literary and personal interest of places. Now Mr. Hutton cannot be charged with omitting this phase of his subject. Quite dutifully he deals with Aubrey, Addison, Crabbe, Gay, Hazlitt, Herbert, Hooker, Hobbes, Jefferies, Lawes and most of the other Wiltshire celebrities, but neither can he be charged with overdoing it. Many of his references are brief and without enthusiasm, as though he grudged the space. What are you to make of a writer who deals with Amesbury and disposes of Gay in three lines? His treatment of Jefferies is ludicrously inadequate and no one would imagine from Mr. Hutton's book that in Jefferies Wiltshire had produced the finest prose interpreter of nature of his generation. Quite properly he draws upon old Aubrey and on Cobbett, but every Wiltshireman must wonder what perversity leads him to omit from his many quotations from Cobbett the passage which is, for Wiltshiremen, the jewel of them all—that in which he fixes on a farm near Norton Bavant as the one place in all England for which he would willingly give up politics and everything, to settle in for life with perfect contentment. It will hardly be believed, too, that Mr. Hutton contrives to give a picture of Salisbury without a word of Mr. Pecksniff or of "Barchester Towers" and the Prowdies. (Whence, by the way, does Mr. Hutton get his information that the constables who waited for Tess, were to take her to Sarum Gaol?—there is no such statement in the novel.) A single quotation—and that remote from the purpose of the book—is the only sign that he has heard of Mr. W. H. Hudson's "A Shepherd's Life" which occupies a unique place in Wiltshire literature, and there is never a word concerning Miss Ella Noyes' "Salisbury Plain," one of the ablest, most readable and most illuminating of recent topographical books. Truly an author has the right to make his own selection and it may seem ungracious to dwell upon the defects rather than on the virtues of the book, but the plain truth is that it is ill-balanced, that Mr. Hutton has so concentrated that his book is much more a detailed handbook to the churches than a typical volume in this admirable series, and his picture of Wiltshire is not nearly so valuable or so characteristic as are those, for instance, on Sussex by Mr. E. V. Lucas and Surrey by Mr. Eric Parker. Miss Erichsen's drawings are delightful and to some extent they fill up the picture Mr. Hutton has left unfinished, but not wholly, for Miss Erichsen's forte is also architecture rather than landscape.

In "Our Homeland Cathedrals" architecture is a legitimate preoccupation and many tourists will be glad that these charming little volumes are added to a lengthening series. That they will fill a niche is certain—their plan will ensure it. These are two pocket volumes in which every English and Welsh cathedral is described and illustrated. That is not new, but the systematic way in which each cathedral is surveyed on a uniform plan will appeal to many visitors because it will enable them to make a complete examination of all the principal features, external and internal. The detailed accounts are by different hands. There are a few—but very few—inevitable slips. For instance, the double arch at Chelmsford is not unique; Ely is not the longest mediæval cathedral with the exception of Winchester; and who was St. Mary Overy? But they exhibit a remarkably high level of general accuracy, and great judgment is shown in the choice of photographs which really illustrate the subject. The same high praise can by no means be given to some of the introductory chapters. These appear to be based upon the work of Mr. Sidney Heath, and Mr. Heath in his various books has hardly shown himself to be a first-rate authority on Gothic architecture. These chapters exhibit numerous inaccuracies and ambiguities and they reveal a fundamental misconception of the cathedral church which is only too common. It is too generally overlooked that the cathedral church is not built or planned as such, but is so only incidentally, and it is almost useless to try to divide our handful of ancient cathedrals into types. To get any reliable classification all the larger monastic and collegiate churches must be included, and any attempt which does not clearly bring this into account is likely to be mystifying to uninformed readers. Happily these chapters form but a small portion of the book: the rest of it is admirable—almost all that could be looked for, of its kind and size.

THE TRAMP.

* "Highways and Byways in Wiltshire." By Edward Hutton. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Our Homeland Cathedrals." 2 vols. 6s. net. (Homeland Association.)

POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES.*

It may be over-bold on my part, but I believe I was the first reviewer to christen Mr. George Russell "the modern Pepys." At any rate a review from these columns containing this description appeared in big bold letters on the wrapper of a succeeding book by the same author. Matthew Arnold, as Mr. Russell has told us, was wont to remark when reminded of one of his utterances or observations: "Did I say that? How good it was!" I must confess that in reading "Politics and Personalities" I was reminded of Arnold's refreshingly frank remark. The books that will interest us after the war and that will interest posterity are not the multitudinous tomes and pamphlets on the wrongs and rights of the awful struggle. These things are burned into our minds, and those who come after us will inherit our convictions, reinforced as they will assuredly be by the judgments of impartial historians. What will entertain us and our children will be to read of the changes that England underwent during these terrible years, of how her people comported themselves, of the leaders she followed and rejected, of the undercurrents of politics, of the human side of the war as contrasted with that of the machine. Let me give one example from Mr. Russell's new book to illustrate my belief that it is to his books the seeker after such knowledge will turn. I suppose that of all domestic upheavals during the war the one which it has been most hard for us to endure is the interference on the part of the Government in our little quiet independent lives. And furthermore I believe that in years to come we shall wax reminiscent on this subject more than any other. How invaluable, and I think I can say how inevitable, for us to turn to what will be the well-thumbed pages in Mr. Russell's book entitled "Dictatorship." We shall read:

"The war, in addition to other and more obvious mischiefs, gave Bureaucracy an immense increase of strength. Every week sees the creation of some fresh office, and of a staff employed in executing that office's behests. . . . To-day the oppressed subject knows not where to turn. If Mr. Podsnap or Mr. Perkup issues an absurd decree, or if the Minister for Turnip-Tops urges a course which the President of the Board of Conscription disallows, to whom are we to appeal? If General Sir George Tufto, being 'the competent military authority,' forbids Family Prayers, on the ground that they may involve seditious proceedings or hinder the work of recruiting, can we invoke the Cabinet to defend our religious liberties? It is a dubious outlook, for the Prime Minister is fully occupied in winning the war, and his Aaron and Hur have not made their fame by championing freedom."

Is not this good humoured but very pointed chaff exactly indicative of the country's attitude to what it regards as an evil, albeit a necessary one?

To revert once again to the comparison with Pepys, it must be admitted at once that it is very superficial. In a very noble address Mr. Russell delivered to the "Young Britons" Society and which is reprinted here under the title, "The Trustees of Posterity," the young citizen is told that hero-worship is the most graceful privilege of youth. I cannot possibly imagine any youthful acquaintance of Pepys indulging in hero-worship of the diarist. I should despair of any young man who did not respond to the spirit of this and the majority of Mr. Russell's books. Youth is impatient of humbug in all forms, and the unmasking of it is one of life's pure pleasures. Let the "hot air merchant" and the "stunt" maniac beware of Mr. Russell. He will quite certainly be exposed, and none will exult in his discomfiture more than the many youthful admirers of the author of "Politics and Personalities."

IVOR NICHOLSON.

BALLYGULLION †

In Lynn Doyle's pen is hidden the magician's ancient wand, for we had not been two minutes settled down into "Ballygullion" when, lo! the little smoky fire in a London house had been changed to a wide hearth of sweet smelling turf, and the empty room peopled with real flesh and blood "puttin' the world through their mouths." True, the soft tongue of the west had taken on the harder tone of the north, but the men were the same living, loving, caustic, good-humoured, bantering tribe, with a keen insight into human nature, and a large-hearted leniency to those little failings which somehow loom up so largely in a townsman's view. Just how the book came to be written is one of the best stories in the book. The rustic story teller and the town reporter whose head was not strong enough to carry a mixed cargo of champagne and whisky and to steer a motor bicycle at the same time, meet, and the superior townsman promises to "fix up" the stories told him by the countryman, Pat Murphy, and this is Pat's reply:

"Divil a fix. Ye'll just put thim down as I tell thim to ye. There come a man here wanst, an' got two or three cracks av the counthryside, but he only spoiled thim. Between cuttin' out this to keep thim ginteel, an' puttin' in that to give thim a tone, whin he had done they were nayther wan thing nor another. There's no use stickin' in big long college words in plain counthry people's crack. It's like puttin' a cloth patch on a pair av cordhuroys."

In giving this collection to the public the author has been careful not to make them "ginteel," with the result that they are perfectly natural. No one who read "Mr. Wildridge" will need to be reminded that Mr. Doyle is a real humorist. There are some who have claimed for him the title of an Irish Barrie, but he has not that quaint whimsicality of the Barrie touch. Honesty and directness are his most striking notes. Indeed, in his directness he recalls Synge, but without Synge's inevitable note of gloom. There is very little to choose between the stories. All are bristling with the sparkling humour so reminiscent of the Irish soil. If to any, though, the palm may be given to "The Keg of Poteen" and "The Widow." We

The Meeting.

From "Ballygullion" by Lynn Doyle. Illustrated by W. Connor. (Maunsel.)

* "Politics and Personalities." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

† "Ballygullion." By Lynn Doyle. 5s. net. (Maunsel.)

can imagine no more suitable book to send to the boys "out yonder" than this—it would lighten a weary hour for many. It is not possible to close without commenting on the excellent sketches by William Conor. They too are true Irish types, with just that touch of caricature seen in the drawings of Jack B. Yeats.

THE WAR AND THE FUTURE.*

Mr. Percy Hurd has done the Empire some service by compiling a narrative illustrative of Canada's attitude towards the war and the future from speeches delivered at various periods of the war in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of the Dominion. The volume is opportune, and we should like to see the example followed by the publication of similar speeches delivered by the leaders of all our Dominions and Colonies. Speeches by the Premier of Australia and by General Smuts are, we believe, obtainable in book form; but there is ample room for comprehensive volumes of their utterances as well as of those delivered by the leading representatives in other parts of the Empire. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom have always been taunted on their insularity and want of Imperial outlook, and knowledge of the outlying parts of the Empire is not so common amongst us that we can afford to designate as superfluous any attempt to augment that knowledge. Indeed, we should welcome every endeavour to enlighten our understanding of the Dominions and Colonies, for if the Empire is to inherit the glorious promise of unity heralded by common Imperial action in the war, familiarity with the conditions of life, the sentiments and aspirations of our overseas brethren is indispensable.

It is well known that when Germany resolved to make a bid for world-power, even though Great Britain should decide to take up arms, she was fully convinced that the British Dominions would remain outside the conflict. In fact, as we write, a report comes to hand that the Crown Prince when shaking the hand of a South African prisoner of war, said: "You ought not to have come into the war." During the last three years Germany has been compelled to revise her estimate of the sentiments of our Dominions, and if not openly, at least tacitly, she has had to admit the indissolubility of the ties binding together the Britishers overseas and the Britishers at home. Nor have the Dominions taken up arms solely in defence of the Mother Country; they are in the conflict as nations within a nation. Quite as keenly as Great Britain they are conscious of the existence of a would-be destroyer of civilisation, and they are fighting valiantly for the preservation of their own interests as well as for the preservation of the interests of humanity. In words that will live in Canadian history, Sir Robert Borden has stated the attitude of his countrymen towards the war:

> "As to our duty, all are agreed; we stand shoulder to shoulder with Britain and the other British Dominions in this quarrel. And that duty we shall not fail to fulfil as the honour of Canada demands. Not for love of battle, not for lust of conquest, not for greed of possessions, but for the cause of honour, to maintain solemn pledges, to uphold principles of liberty, to withstand forces that would convert the world into an armed camp; yes, in the very name of the peace that we sought at any cost save that of dishonour, we have entered into this war; and while gravely conscious of the tremendous issues involved, and of all the sacrifices that they may entail, we do not shrink from them, but with firm hearts we abide the event."

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Hurd has included in the volume the resolution on the conservation and development of the Empire's natural resources, proposed by Sir Robert Borden at the Imperial War Conference of April, 1917. Men who have been in intimate association with the almost immeasurable resources of the Dominions, have sometimes been brought to the verge of despair by the indifference of the Mother Country to the latent wealth of her distant possessions. It remains to be seen whether the British people of the homeland will profit by the bitter experiences of the war, and divert to Imperial channels money that has hitherto flowed so freely into alien countries; or whether the old antagonists "Free Trade" and "Preference" will step into the political ring again and continue their interminable wrestle for the delectation of foreign spectators. Let us hope that the result of common military action will be common action in the interests of Imperial economic development and consolidation. Sir Robert Borden's views on the subject are unmistakable:

> "I submit that our natural resources ought to be conserved for the general national benefit, that they ought to be controlled within the Empire for essential national purposes, that their economic utilisation through processes of manufacture ought to be carried on to the greatest possible extent within the Empire and not abroad, and that they should not be controlled, diverted, or exploited for the upbuilding of industries in countries with which we are now at war. There is no comparison between the resources at our command and those available to Germany. If she should win in the final contest it will be because we were incapable or indifferent, because she had greater foresight, a firmer national purpose, and a more determined national spirit. I hope that in these matters of great and common concern there will be a clearer vision and truer conception than in the past and that the effort and sacrifice so enormous and so regrettable which this war has entailed will not have been in vain."

Not less important than the conservation and development of the Empire's natural resources and the adoption of an Imperial inter-trade policy, is the establishment of constitutional relations. Deep and serious thought has been given to the problem of the new commonwealth, particularly by those minds that for many months past have expressed themselves in the pages of the *Round Table*. What the nature of the constitution will be, no man can foretell from the present embryonic thought on the subject: but,

> "Upon what has been built in the past an even greater structure will doubtless arise in the future. Those who are to be its architects will have a great part to play, and I do not doubt that they will play it worthily. The structure must embody not only the autonomous Governmgnt of each Inter-Imperial nation, but the majesty and power of an Empire, united by ties such as those of which I have spoken, yet organised more efficiently and thoroughly for the preservation of its very existence. To those who shall be called upon to design and to erect so magnificent a monument, crowning the labours of the past and realising the hopes of the future, let us all bid God-speed in their great task."

We in the Mother Country must be prepared to support these sentiments so earnestly expressed by the Prime Minister of Canada. The problem is great; so are British gifts. We are justified in hoping that out of this unity of our military effort will arise a strong unity of economic and constitutional effort that shall create an empire held together not only by ties of blood, but by ties of common interest and common well-being.

F. F.

* "The War and the Future." By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Canada. Edited by Percy Hurd. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.*

In his fascinating book of journalism seventeen years ago, "America To-day," Mr. Archer told us how a well-planned harangue of his to a western audience was swept away once upon the tide of an iced preliminary called a "Mississippi Toddy." The beverage which had like to have been the death of the present book is the European War, and we think the author was well advised, after hanging it up for three years, to decide on publishing it now with all its pre-war imperfections on its head. Further to decide that there was no use in rewriting it was to challenge a critical Nemesis, seeing that nothing in the range of civilisation, except perhaps the equator, remains what it was five years ago. On the other hand, the general understanding that Indian reforms stood shelved for the war's duration is a point in Mr. Archer's favour, since it leaves many of the ruling factors undisturbed, and the present reconsideration of his first decision only adds timeliness and colour to a serious and dispassionate study

* "India and the Future." By William Archer. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

of Anglo-Indian conditions as a whole. For Mr. Archer, as we know of old, has a perfectly Boswellian passion for inquiry, together with a faculty for reflection and discussion worthy of an Arthur Young.

For instance, how many men, even among those professed experts who have given their working lives to the study of her problems, could have written a book upon India which could go into cold storage, you may say, for the past three years and emerge with so little damage to its freshness and its flavour? With the exception of a "postscript proem," written now to explain the facts and keep faith with the reader, the text of his book stands as it did in 1914, and thus we get, mistakes and all, a survey upon a single plane of time. He admits with his usual fairness of mind that there are pages here and there he would prefer to have rewritten; our only question is whether the present crisis in Indian reform may not in a few months' time stale and invalidate anything written to-day? It is only where he has ventured on prophecy, that grave of so many reputations, that Mr. Archer has sunk above his head, and this is where he foretold that "the moment England gets into serious trouble elsewhere India, in her present temper, would burst in a blaze of rebellion." We prefer his candid confession of miscalculation to the reasoning that follows it. To say that "England has not been in any trouble which, *in relation to India*, could be called serious," is to argue altogether beside the mark. The very agitation in the East to-day which makes the opportunity for this book and its common-sense counsel, is proof that the agitator class has an infallible scent for times of trouble in India as elsewhere. To ignore the fact is to deny due credit to the steady and admirable service of an administration harassed by a thousand anxieties, as also to the calm good sense of a vast majority of India's population which sees on which side its bread is buttered.

One has not far to read along his pages to discover that the book is vastly different from the kind of work Mr. Archer would have turned out in the years that were earlier. In those days the salvation of the world seemed to lie in a kind of passionate austerity within the playhouse and an almost revolutionary freedom everywhere else, the whole displayed under a gigantic signboard inscribed according to the code of the "Nu Speling." Happily Mr. Archer proves by the course he has taken with respect to his present book, that he had broadened his views before the war came along. He sees that India reveals no gift for the higher types of finance and commerce, unless by Western methods and alliances.

The same rational moderation carries the author through his chapters on the spiritual, social, and educational aspects of the country, so we are not surprised at his suggestion in the highly topical field of propaganda: that the Government should itself "become a purveyor of vernacular literature, both in the shape of books and periodicals"—one in which Sir Henry Lawrence anticipated him more than sixty years ago. But we think curiosity will chiefly turn to the chapter on art and culture, where Mr. Archer deals with the epics and sagas, Indian architecture and painting, and the evolution of the native drama, for it is here he speaks with proved authority. And we are not surprised to find that here where settled principles assert themselves, the critic is as tenacious of his Western views as the most conservative administrator. He will enlist sympathy in many of his arguments against the overdrawn eulogy of Hindu arts and architecture that we find in Mr. Havell's well-known books, but he travels to the other extreme when he gives nearly all the credit in those respects to Moslem influence, and he lowers the scale of reason when he so freely affixes the label of "ignorance" or "vanity" or "arrogance" upon a contrary view or the inability of the native craftsman to meet his ideas. If, as Mr. Archer grants, psychology is the key to comprehension, why should he call the many-armed Siva a "monstrosity," when it has a symbolic value that so many art-fads of the West have not, say, the elongated limbs of Mr. Sargent's portraiture or the primaries of Mr. Augustus John. The "extravagance" of the Mahabharata again, like this Briarean excess of limbs, or the native weakness for numbers as in the legend of the king with sixty thousand sons, arises from the passion for power and wonder, that is all, and exists in all races that have kept anything of the primitive faith that we have lost.

It is when we compare Mr. Archer's book with some of the travel-logs of the Hun and his admirers that we appreciate it most. It is truly remarkable that a Briton whose mission has lain among the things and streets of home should on a brief contact and acquaintance have entered deeply into the spirit of so rapt and mysterious a country, its age-long traditions, its burning problems, and its future anxieties, factitive or native. It proves that though other races may make fiercer savants, it is our race that makes the better men.

J. P. COLLINS.

A DRAMATIC QUINTET.

One can imagine the dramatic historian of posterity, with a nose for sociology, pondering over the ironic fact that an epoch, which might have wrung out of the souls of its dramatists a series of plays vibrant with those basic truths which strike at the roots of humanity, should have had as its main product a series of feather-brained revues. The fact remains that the theatrical war-time audience desires nothing better in its present state of mental chaos than to be entertained with the flimsiest of material. The philosopher with a materialist bias will inform you that the whole thing is a question of theatrical economics. The manager, as in the case of his historical forbears, has followed out the showman's rule and produced only what the largest number of playgoers would pay for. You can have the whole matter argued out in its pros and cons for you in that dialogue between the Poet and the Manager which is enshrined in the Prelude to Goethe's "Faust." And if the aspirant dramatist wants a recipe for the turning out of commercially successful plays, Goethe will provide the secret in a nutshell:

> "Seize every possible impression
> And make it firmly your possession—
> You'll then work on, because you must."

I mention this matter because, of the five volumes that lie before me, two happen to be the work of dramatists who have followed out that axiom. The first is Victorien Sardou, famous for providing an unparalleled vehicle for the exploitation of Bernhardt's splurges of emotional rhetoric. Both author and actress are perfect exemplars of experts who boast between them an encyclopædic knowledge of the tricks of their trade. As for Sardou he will go down the ages as purveyor-in-ordinary of Bernhardt emotional "stunts," for he seldom interested himself in the souls of his characters. His attention was confined to acquiring exactitude in conveying the atmosphere and reporting such acts as would further the business he had in hand—the accumulation of effective situations directed towards a climax foreordained. One would like to have a look at those fifty dossiers of his in which he sedulously collected the details for his projected dramas.

The disadvantage of this method is that the spectator knows as much about the real character of the people when the act-drop falls as when the curtain rose. Take "The Sorceress"[1] (*La Sorcière*) which lies before me. I have failed utterly to understand why Enrique, the Spanish officer, should have elected to die with Zoraya the Moorish woman, just as badly as I have failed to understand why Zoraya conceived a passion for so weak-kneed a character. Yet the plot is strong enough to enable the author to make these points. It is laid in Granada in Inquisition times. A special edict forbade the union of a Christian and a Moor and it is to the conflict between the forces of religion and the instincts of love that the drama is devoted, terminating in the death of the lovers on the steps of the cathedral

[1] "The Sorceress." By Victorien Sardou. Translated by Charles A. Weissert. (Boston: Richard G. Badger.)

of Toledo. If one wanted to epitomise Sardou's methods of turning out commercial successes, one could do no better than summarise the scene-plot of this play. In the first act he takes us to the heights of the River Tagus—in the centre-opening a gap between the precipitous banks showing the city and its cathedral beyond, and above a starry sky and crescent moon. Given that background, and you have set the atmosphere for a play that starts off with a dialogue steeped in bigotry, superstition and unlawful love: follows a Moorish chamber-scene, through the arches of which Toledo rises in blazing sunlight—the foreground redolent with the scent of exotic growths, and you are agog for a love-scene with a sinister destiny lurking in the background. Item, a Spanish patio, showing an indigo star-strewn sky beween its portals—item, the low vaulted Inquisition chamber—and last of all the cathedral front at Toledo with its spires towering to the sky line. Any hardened playgoer of a thousand nights can fill the story in for himself, for Sardou never disappointed the average intelligence, to which his strongest appeal was made.

Mr. Louis N. Parker is an adept dramatic craftsman, but, unlike Sardou, he does concern himself with the interaction between circumstance and character, and his dramatis personæ *do* evolve. "The Aristocrat"[2] is a thoroughly enjoyable and moving play, in spite of the handicap of its setting in the hackneyed Revolutionary period. Those who witnessed the play at the St. James's Theatre will be gratified to read Parker's clean-cut crisp dialogue with (for a Revolutionary play) its delicate nuances of characterisation and the tender humour and pathos of the last act. Louis of Olonzac, Duke of Chastelfrac, despite an insistent emphasis upon his lineage becomes the "very perfect gentle knight," and even the democratic auditor is bound to admit his innate nobility.

Dr. Marie C. Stopes unburdens herself so naively in a Preface addressed to "Mr. Delightfullest-Manager-in-the-World," that it would seem arrogance upon my part to intrude my views upon this three-act melodrama, "Conquest."[3] The story is plain enough. Gordon Hyde, a New Zealand sheep farmer, is rejected by the recruiting sergeant on account of an accidental lameness. In the moment of his deepest despair he is inspired to create a scheme for devising an International Peace. His good angel—an unrequited lover—becomes the *deus ex machina* who encourages him to embark for England and, arrived there, is the means of introducing him to a comic-opera sort of cabinet minister who puts him in touch with the Prime Minister by whom presumably his embryo League of Nations idea will be fostered. The action and the characters are, I regret to say, much too ingenuous for acceptance by a modern sophisticated audience.

In the last analysis I come to reality, in the shape of a one-act play, "Where is He?"[4] by D. T. Davies, which was originally produced by that foster-mother of dramatic art, Miss Horniman. The action takes place in the house of a dead miner in Glamorganshire. His wife, a prey to mental anguish, sits in the gloaming pondering over the fate of her dead husband. Nurtured in the tenets of a Calvinistic creed which points only one path to the Beyond for Gitto, her agnostic husband, she has her misgivings. Shaw, an elderly neighbour, attempts to cheer her with her practical counsel and invincible grasp of realities. When Simon, the elder, comes to arrange a prayer meeting in the house of the dead, Marged, knowing her dead husband would have objected, refuses. Where is Gitto? The elder only knows the obvious answer his Calvinism has taught, so he hedges, leaving the incoming young pastor to answer. He, too, fences with the question till a merciful neighbour brings in the news that Gitto had sacrificed himself to save his comrade. So artlessly does the dialogue disclose the irony of the episode that it has the air of inevitability that is the sign-manual of supreme dramatic art. We should like to hear more of its author.

Gilbert Cannan's one-act play, "Everybody's Husband,"[5] originally produced by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, is an exquisite fantasy whose plot-idea is based upon the contrast between the romantic ideals of marriage and the sardonic facts that lie in wait. The scene is laid in a girl's bed-chamber upon the eve of her wedding. It would be unfair to the author to state how ingeniously he contrives to "convey" the harvest of the future with a causticity that only tends to heighten the delicacy of this little gem of dramatic art.

ROBB LAWSON.

[2] "The Aristocrat." By Louis N. Parker. 1s. net. (John Lane.)

[3] "Conquest, or A Piece of Jade." Three Acts. By Marie C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D. 1s. net. (Sam. French, Ltd.)

[4] "Where is He?" A One-Act Play. By D. T. Davies. 1s. net. (The Shakespeare Head Press.)

[5] "Everybody's Husband." A Play. By Gilbert Cannan. 2s. net. (Martin Secker.)

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS.*

It is only the older members of this generation who will recollect the name and work of Sir Arthur Helps; but some of us still remember his vogue, especially as a volume of selections from his essays was published in "The Scott Library" in 1892. Every age needs its moral essayists, and Helps met the want of the Victorian age. He had his public no less than his great contemporaries, Ruskin and Carlyle. Fashions and tastes change here as elsewhere. The essays that instruct a generation derive much of their point from the fact that they are written by men who read and weigh the passing day. Another generation rises, with new problems, and the essays of yesterday no longer prove adequate to the situation. It is not likely that there will be any revival of interest in Sir Arthur Helps' essays. But that volume of selections was good value, and few people even to-day would not be the better for reading the wise letter to special constables, which is reprinted in this book (pp. 57 f)—a thoughtful analysis of the Chartist situation in 1848, and of the general principles which underlie reflective citizenship. This letter breathes the good sense, the conscience for social reform, and the spirit of justice which distinguished Sir Arthur Helps. He was a permanent official, clerk to the Privy Council. He was a trusted adviser of Queen Victoria, and lived in exalted society. But what would have dried up sympathy for the poor and suffering in most men, failed to make Helps indifferent to the wrongs that required to be put right in his day, to problems like slavery and public health and education. He thought deeply on such matters, and wrote—or rather, dictated—copiously. He had a tidy mind. His essays show an abhorrence of extravagant statement and sentimentalism and inaccuracy. They had more life in them than his dramas or his novel, and it was by them more than by anything else that he impressed his age.

But what this volume of letters proves afresh, is the esteem in which he was held by men like Norton, Carlyle, and Ruskin. Helps had been a member of the "Apostles" at Cambridge, and to the end of his life he enjoyed the fellowship and friendship of leading thinkers and writers. Their letters to him are a tribute to his reputation. Thus Carlyle writes, in 1871:

> "Long may you live, dear Helps, to write new Books, and purify and pacify your distracted fellow-creatures with sprinklings of mild wisdom, in a form all your own!"

Another sentence from one of Carlyle's letters is worth quoting. It is a verdict on Charles the Fifth:

> "I know not what you have made out of Charles V. (who remains entirely invisible in Robertson and all English Histories hitherto); I know only, for absolutely *certain*, that he has the Austrian chin, a pair of lazy, deep eyes—and shows here and there a large-headed *Flemish Mercantile* character to me, of much obstinacy and occasional arrogance and wrath; dead to the higher considerations, or pretty nearly so."

Men wrote to Helps in this way, not merely civil letters but letters which handled serious things in life and history;

* "Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps." Edited by his son, E. A. Helps. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"PELMANISM" IN 1917.

By EDWARD ANTON.

THE annals of the past year would be incomplete without some reference to the prominent part in the affairs of the Empire which has been played by that remarkable new force—*Pelmanism.*

The progress of this movement may be taken as an earnest of the still greater part which it will play in the future; for in the space of a few months, the Pelman Institute has risen from the status of a private concern to that of a truly national institution.

The credit of "discovering" the immense possibilities of "Pelmanism" as a factor of national and individual betterment belongs largely to *Truth*, which, after a close and critical investigation of all the available evidence, devoted an entire supplement to a report on the work of the Pelman Institute in May, 1916, and issued further supplements in September of that year and in May, 1917.

The effect of these reports—emanating from a source well known for its fearless independence—was electrical. Every section of the community responded to *Truth's* sounding call to efficiency. To satisfy the enormous public demand for the reports, several large editions (amounting to some hundreds of thousands) were reprinted and distributed free through the medium of announcements in the *Daily Mail*, *The Times* and other leading journals. A large proportion of these reprints was reserved for the Army and Navy; but every class of the public displayed eagerness for copies, and the demand, I may add, is still unabated. I venture the opinion that *Truth* performed a national service of no small value when it devoted its columns to the work of opening the eyes of the public to the practical importance of "Pelmanism" as an aid to personal efficiency and progress.

And now, I repeat, "Pelmanism" has become a *national* movement; and every day—nay, every hour—brings fresh evidence of its almost limitless possibilities. It is affirmed—and I believe it wholeheartedly—that no man or woman who has conscientiously followed Pelman principles has ever failed to reap substantial benefit.

Some have utilised it primarily as a means of gaining increased incomes and better positions in business or professional life; others adopt it with a view to securing greater mental development and a higher standard of personal efficiency; others again, find it of superlative value educationally and intellectually. It appeals to every individual who desires to progress and to prosper, no matter what the sphere of his or her work or ambitions may be.

The registers of the Institute show that every conceivable vocation or occupation is represented therein. I will deal with the various "groups" further on; but in the meantime I desire to emphasise, by every means in my power, the fact that there is no class of men or women who can afford to disregard "Pelmanism," whatever their education may have been, whatever their present position and attainments may be.

What is the Pelman System? The question is not easily answered in small space. I can best illustrate the effects of a Pelman Training by a reference to what takes place when a course of scientific physical culture is followed. The physical culturist first learns the use of each group of muscles; he then *exercises* them systematically in order to develop their power and to bring them under his direct control. The result is a very high maximum of physical efficiency, every set of muscles being brought into *fully* effective use and proper co-ordination of effort being introduced The Pelman System applies the same scientific methods to the various faculties of the mind, and with equally definite and equally certain results. But whereas the degree of physical development is limited, the possibilities of *mental* development are practically *limitless*. That is why the University man and the Army chief are able, equally with the man of elementary education, the clerk or the private, to derive direct and tangible benefits from the adoption of Pelmanism.

The Pelman System is, moreover, distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is not a mental strait-jacket, but an instrument of wonderful range and elasticity. Instead of attempting to impose "cut-and-dried" rules and methods of thought, it shows the student how to give effective expression to his or her own ideals, aims, and personality. In fact, it completes a man or woman in the mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. That is possibly why the Pelman System has so very often been the means of developing talent and unsuspected powers of the mind. It arouses the student to a recognition of his or her own powers and opportunities, inspiring self-confidence, moral courage, and the desire for effective action. As a mental and moral "tonic" it is, by the testimony of many students, well worth many times the time spent upon it.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Over 18,000 officers and men of both Services are now Pelmanists, the list being headed by forty-eight generals and ten admirals. The mere fact that such a large number study the Course in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and adverse environment, speaks volumes for the estimation in which Pelmanism is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which generals send their subordinate officers to be enrolled, and regimental commanders often pay the fee for one or more of their N.C.O.'s.

Whilst the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency, it is worthy of note that a secondary object is to gain increased efficiency for business when the war is over and the soldier or sailor returns to civil life.

Two typical letters may be quoted here from amongst the many hundreds received from "the Front." Both are from Army officers. The first letter runs:

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

The second letter presents another interesting view:

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM."

All classes of professional men have displayed the keenest interest in the Pelman System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationalists—these have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work.

The new movement has made tremendous progress amongst all classes of business men. In many cases the enrolment of one member of a firm is quickly followed by others from the same firm. Quite recently enrolments were made, in one day, from *eight members* of one large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse manager, cashier, correspondent, foreman, invoice clerk, and forwarding clerk). Such facts render comment superfluous. The frequency with which business principals pay for the enrolment of their employees proves that "Pelmanism" supplies a convincing answer to the question "Is it worth while?"

"TRUTH'S" SUMMING UP.

I cannot do better than to quote from the conclusion arrived at by *Truth's* investigator, and which formed the *finale* to the first report:

"The Pelman System places the means of progress within the reach of every one. It does not provide a brain for the brainless, but it does provide every one with the means of making the best use of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him, and bringing them to full fruition. What that fruition will be depends, of course, on the original capabilities of the student, but it needs no great knowledge of the world to be aware that the man with well-ordered mind and reliable memory is at an advantage over him whose faculties, though naturally greater, have been undeveloped, or developed at random. The moral is, of course, for those who want to make the most of their natural endowments to equip themselves for success in the battle of life to see that their minds are trained to the point of efficiency. With that object they cannot do better than take advantage of the course of instruction offered to them by the Pelman Institute."

A full description of the Pelman System is given in "Mind and Memory," with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of Pelmanism, and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book, together with a free copy of "Truth's" third report, will be sent, post free, to any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who sends a post card applying for the same to the Pelman Institute, 20, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

his interests and ability were known to his correspondents, and this is one of the features which make the present volume full of interest to ourselves. Helps, for example, detested war and wrote against it. Ruskin, in acknowledging receipt of his book, puts in a characteristic sentence:

"I would myself unhesitatingly fight any number of battles and lie, at the last as long as a human can lie, dying—with the happy consciousness that I have killed any number of ciphers long of mob—if only by that process I could save the Georgics of Virgil or the pictures of John Bellini."

Another letter from Froude, in 1872, touches a chord which vibrates still:

"Surely in these difficult days, when naval and military matters have become a science for England, to trust the Admiralty and the War Office to Parliamentary actors who go in and out of office every two or three years, is downright midsummer madness."

The most fruitful letters of Helps himself are those addressed to Norton, upon slavery. We live over again the period of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the sensation it created in England. But altogether this book conveys a pleasant impression of Helps and his circle. The Victorians are under a passing cloud at present; the clever circle of those who write with ease are treating them as many of the nineteenth-century Victorians treated the eighteenth century. Some day the balance will be readjusted, and it is a record like this, of honest, wholesome activity, which will do something to open the eyes of this generation or of its successor to the despised Victorians.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THE SOUL OF THE FAMILY.*

The theme of the family, self-centred, isolated, superb, looking upon other families as though they did not exist or as though they had no right to exist, is peculiarly British, even if we can discover occasional parallels in the social autocracy of other nations. Anthony Trollope gave us good specimens of this stern island production of ours in the De Courcys and the Greshams, over whom Mary Thorne gained her honourable victory; and many novelists, more or less seriously, have accepted the opportunities for irony and caricature provided by varied aspects of localised pride of race.

Mr. Hugh Walpole exposes in his deliberate picture of Mrs. Trenchard one whom I find extravagantly heartless, yet not unreal. She is one of those solid, dreadfully serene, outwardly passionless women in whom dwells an elemental power of resistance, so that to oppose her will is like trying to push an elephant off its balance; she is in fact "morally elephantine." Her innate forces of passive antagonism spring smartly to attention when Philip Mark, son of an old friend of Mr. Trenchard, appears in London, stays as guest awhile with the family, and falls in love with her daughter Katherine. He is not of the Trenchard kin; he is an absolute outsider, has lived and loved in Moscow, and has left there a troublesome past—*cherchez la femme toujours!*—which became known to her. She bides her time; her slow persistence, her craft, are superlative; and the climax arrives in Cornwall at the Trenchards' country home, which to Mark seems, with all its soft, sweet, misty influences, to be enclosing him, smothering his personality, like a huge feather bed from which he cannot escape. Of his final triumph, of Mrs. Trenchard's cruel half-victory when Katherine, happily married to Mark, pleads for reconciliation and is refused by this appalling mother, Mr. Walpole tells in the finest story he has yet written. His setting-out of the whole Trenchard group—father (a jolly fellow, immersed in literary work), mother, brother, sisters, aunts, grandparents—is masterly in a certain acute differentiation of individuals while perfectly maintaining the type; Aunt Aggie, constantly gazing at her own small bodily ailments and fancied grievances through the magnifying-lens of her thoroughly selfish nature and posing all the time as an altruist, is a literary etching that bites deep into the general picture. Several times in the course of the story most readers will feel that it would give them the greatest pleasure to throttle her—which is precisely the effect the author intends, no doubt. At the very end there is a full-stop of tragedy in the death of old Mr. Trenchard which might well have been omitted; but on this, as a point of artistry, opinions may differ.

Mr. Walpole impresses me by this novel as having taken a step forward in two ways. He has gained in concentration: never for a moment is the call of the story unheard, nor is it overpowered by analysis or exposition. It is so easy in pursuing motives and analysing character to relax that grip on the unity of the plot which is essential to the successful novel—successful, let me qualify, in the judgment of the artist. Only a very few, and they have been masters in the art, have succeeded in following psychological trails without side-tracking the story. If we were enjoying the exhilaration of a journey by express train it would be extremely annoying to be shunted on a siding while the driver sauntered off to pick flowers, even though the flowers might be very beautiful and he urged us to appreciate their charm; Mr. Walpole understands this. I seem to note also a quickening of perception, a finer, livelier play of light on the peopled stage, glowing more intensely here and there just at the right moment on the right person, and yet giving to the others just that correct, subdued glow that shall preserve their "values" for the spectator who must try to keep them all in his field of vision. From these comments I trust that none will infer that Mr. Walpole's latest work is theatrical or "stagey"; even if it would make, as I imagine, an excellent play, as a novel it is perfectly natural. Mr. Walpole always had a deft touch; he has now something better—a sureness of grasp. One may be deft enough in handling precious china, yet easily drop a piece with sad results; Mr. Walpole assures us by this developed quality that the story will not break under his careful hands. And if my metaphors are flickering, let critic as well as poet take a little licence for once!

Mr. Cannan's Catherine, the inscrutable, unyielding, unsympathetic wife of Jamie Lawrie, is not less firmly set upon the pinnacle of the family than Mrs. Trenchard. But in this case she hates her husband's people and their blunt, interfering ways. Poor wayward, well-meaning, feckless Jamie, a victim of the most malignant form of that affection known to the 'nineties as "the artistic temperament," is far too meek to resist her. She orders him about, steals the love of his children from him, and works her jaundiced self into a pale passion of detestation when a little sympathy with his leaning towards books and the theatre as recreative forces would have made him bloom like a flower and have saved them both from disaster. The psychological strength in this grim tale of Manchester middle-class life is not so marked as in the work of Mr. Walpole; it is a cold, rather acid presentation compared with the human warmth and glow of the previous book. But it demands a secure place among the novels that count, and those who have read "Three Pretty Men" must not miss it.

The third novel which I have grouped under this family title has for its central figure of interest not the heroine, Arethusa Blake, a smart little person who "fancies" herself as a philosopher but who really doesn't matter much; her father, as the story progresses, takes the eye of the discriminating reader more and more. Philip Blake, clerk in a solicitor's office, was always boasting about his family, his dear wife—the "best little woman in the world, my boy"—and of her devotion to him; the facts being that he was a bully and a tyrant, and that only Arethusa, his eldest out of eleven, dared "stand up" to him. She saw right through him, and at heart he was afraid of her. He and his meek martyr of a wife are characters drawn with truth and clearness, while the girl and her lovers, round whom the story ostensibly revolves, are less convincing. Had the prose style and composition of this book received some skilled revision the effect would have

* "The Green Mirror." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)—"The Stucco House." By Gilbert Cannan. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Sheep Path." By Harry Tighe. 6s. net. (Westall.)

been greatly improved; but the "sheep path"—the path of marriage and motherhood which Arethusa at first professed to regard with contempt—is well described, and the book must be bracketed with our other two as distinguished from the crowd by comprehension, competent observation, and a sure "attack."

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

CHRISTUS CONSUMMATOR.*

If I understand Mr. Temple rightly, he has sought to offer in outline that which he says, in all truth, is needed so urgently, something in our own day corresponding to that work which "St. Thomas Aquinas did for his." There are many who look with Mr. Temple for a new Angel of the Schools, and I ask to be numbered among them. Whether such a "real philosopher" will arise—in his or my time—to fill up and perhaps expand his outline may be even more than doubtful. Meanwhile it calls to be said that Mr. Temple's "Mens Creatrix," apart from any such comparison, is a noble essay, "nobly planned," and setting forth eloquently—I had almost said greatly—the great subjects with which it deals. He bases philosophy on the validity of reason, which for him is synonymous with the rationality of the universe and for myself with the sincerity of God—as Leibnitz might have expressed it. Such philosophy attains to belief in God—supposing that it does attain—as "the conclusion of an inferential process." With the science of religion, on the other hand, God is the starting-point. By their hypothesis therefore the two are "ideally identical in result, though not in process," or in other words, "a perfect theology and a perfect philosophy would coincide." But they are not in this state of perfection, and they do not meet. The philosophies too often attain no belief in God, inferential or otherwise. The theologies, in like manner, "fail to give a satisfying account of empirical facts," and faith cannot be established beyond dispute by reason. These things notwithstanding, Mr. Temple's object is to propound an attainable unity between faith and knowledge, though it may be reached only in part. The point of meeting is in Christ. This is the thesis, and it is unfolded in the study which follows by the successive consideration of four chief working departments of human creative mind—the domain of Knowledge, the domain of Art, of Conduct and finally of Religion. The lines of these activities and researches converge—as one may say, naturally—but of themselves they do not meet. Their point of meeting is in Christ. Mr. Temple shows after what manner the consideration of each department may be held to lead to this centre, and in his second book he looks at the whole subject from the standpoint of the centre—or the Incarnation of Christ.

My impression of the essay as a whole has been given in the opening words, and now in some closing lines I desire to look at the general subject as a mystic. There are several ways in which we can understand, interpret and above all apply to ourselves—to our life and actions—the great truth of the Incarnation; but highest and most vital of all is that aspect where the great truth passes into the great experience and Christ takes flesh within us. It is not in that experience the lesser but ever the greater mystery, though there comes a stage when it is no longer *mysterium fidei*, but one of that knowledge which is called realisation. There is God in the transcendence, as such understood intellectually, and there is He Whom Pascal calls God known of the heart. There is the historical Christ—our Master, Exemplar, Brother—and there is Christ born within us. Mr. Temple has told us how four chief things of our creative life stand, within their own measures, like pillars of an unfinished building, of which the capstone and completion is He Whom we have desired in all generations. But there is the more living sense of this story. There is Knowledge, there is Art, there are that, this and the other, beautiful and true in their own degrees. All these are

* "Mens Creatrix: An Essay." By William Temple. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. HEINEMANN'S LIST

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A. E. WAITE.

Novel Notes.

A GIRL ALONE. By Howel Evans. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Life is hard and perilous enough for the boy or man who is cast adrift in London, but it is ten times harder and more perilous for the girl who thus becomes derelict, and the girl of Mr. Howel Evans's story finds it so. On the death of her father, in Australia, she spends what little capital she has on a voyage to England, with every reason to believe that, once here, she will have no difficulty in obtaining a family inheritance from which her father had for some while past been drawing an annual allowance. But from the outset all her calculations fail; she finds herself alone and friendless in London with barely enough cash in hand to maintain her for a week. She has had no business experience, and is faced with the direst necessity of securing without delay some means of making a livelihood. She falls among thieves at the start, and her first stroke of luck is in getting clear of them and discovering a rough, but good-hearted woman in a poor corner of the town who accepts her account of herself, and is willing to take her in as a lodger. Then she embarks on the heartbreaking adventure of looking for work. She gets a place as waitress in a tea-shop, and loses it through not being sufficiently complaisant to one of the best customers. Thereafter misfortunes come upon her, one after the other, till she is wandering the streets homeless and hungry, and thankful to be befriended by a woman of no character who helps her to food and a night's rest in a doss house. Mr. Evans knows the seamy and the Bohemian side of London intimately, and his pictures of it are faithfully and vividly realistic. He takes his heroine unflinchingly through such experiences as were almost bound to come upon a girl left, as Ellice Mayne was left, utterly destitute in a strange city. He interests you in her and her story, and in the varied characters who come in contact with her and play their parts, for good or ill, in the working out of her chequered destiny. A well imagined, well told tale, with a strong melodramatic plot, it holds the reader's sympathies unfailingly through all its lights and shadows to its pleasant ending.

THE GULF. By Hugh F. Spender. 5s. net. (Collins.)

The cover of this novel shows the Kaiser in full panoply, with a young man and a young woman on either side of him, separated by his military personality. The Kaiser actually comes into the story; he is not a leading figure, but it is his influence, or rather the influence of the war, which threatens to separate the hero and the heroine. For Mr. Spender, greatly daring, has made his hero a Prussian officer. Just before the war, an English girl falls in love with him. He is sent into Belgium with the invading host from Berlin, but the atrocities of his fellow-officers disgust him. Finally he is arrested and on the verge of being shot for refusing to massacre some innocent Belgian civilians. He escapes, and the escape is dramatically told. The book ends with Edith joining Karl in America. Karl is one of the better sort of Prussian officers; one would like to believe there were some of his spirit left in the Kaiser's army, and Mr. Spender has succeeded in making his hero convincing. The war-temper in Germany and the reaction against it in English circles are both described with insight. Mr. Spender has been careful to avoid over-colouring his sketch; he admits shades of grey as well as black and white, and the delineation of the Jingoes in both countries is amusing even when it is incisive. Altogether, the novel is exciting and fresh. Karl's reflection, when he reaches New York, sums up the author's general attitude to the conflict admirably. "Germany has been condemned by the civilised world. I do not wish to add fuel to the fire of hatred that is rising against her. I conceive that she will be sufficiently punished for all her crimes." But we enjoy the story not so much for its philosophy of the situation as for its swift, dramatic contrasts and romantic thrill.

HIS JOB. By Horace Bleackley. 6s. (John Lane.)

Close on the heels of his admirable biography of John Wilkes comes this new novel of Mr. Bleackley's—a novel of very considerable power. It is the story of how a young man went through the fever and fret of youth, came in danger of wrecking his future on an unhappy love adventure, and finally found himself and his work in the world. At the outset, Ronald Egerton has all the self-conceit and vague aspiration that are natural to his years. Yielding a reluctant obedience to his father's wishes, he cuts short a promising college career and takes his place in the great Dye Works that have been laboriously established by three generations of his family. The father and son, with their real affection for each other and their opposed outlooks on life, are strongly and cleverly characterised. Not less so is Tom Barlow, whose inventive ingenuity is largely responsible for the prosperity of the Works, and who has risen to be their manager without losing anything of the ordinary workman's attitude of mind towards his master. It is Tom who is chiefly responsible for preventing Ronald's marriage. He has his own pride and will not have his daughter marry above her station to grow ashamed of him and perhaps be at a disadvantage in new surroundings because of her ancestry; so he resolutely sends her back to the convent school in Belgium, and during that absence she lightly makes a clandestine match with a man of higher social rank than Ronald can pretend to. The story is ably developed and full of interest; it has its poignant moments, and is shaped to an impressive and a satisfying end.

THE PEEPSHOW. By Helen Prothero Lewis. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The readers innumerable who in stress of war demand the lightest of literary fare could not do better than read the amazing adventures of the Grudged-Acres family as told by the Earl's poor relation, Griselda. Griselda always meant well, but her amazing indiscretions invariably took the direction of disaster, and the Earl of Grudged-Acres was constantly menaced by bankruptcy, fire and other misfortunes. It is a mad and merry household to which Miss Lewis introduces us, and we have only admiration for the high spirits with which she has kept up Griselda's diverting autobiography. In her love for Dwindle, the Earl's heir and a gallant officer in the Blues, Griselda is willing even to sacrifice her happiness. But luck is consistently on the side of the madcaps, the inconvenient suitors and miscreants are variously got rid of, and a timely legacy arrives, and Griselda is left looking forward to war-work in the company of her husband, Dwindle. Griselda is a most entertaining narrator, with an air of innocence that will make her many friends.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD. By Marion Hill. 6s. net. (John Long.)

Miss Marion Hill's vivacious style and delightful humour make her books extremely refreshing and full of charm. "The Toll of the Road" is the story of a girl, brought up to the narrow respectability of a country town, who comes under the dominating influence of an actor-manager and is induced to join his touring company. She is already

engaged to be married to a young man possessed of a strictly urban mind, and Gert, testing her wings and finding freedom very sweet, soon soars out of touch with him. Finally she is called upon to choose between her conventional lover and the infatuating actor-manager, who has already made three attempts in matrimony and still has a wife wandering somewhere on the globe. Her theatrical experiences are in turn amusing and pathetic, and a host of characters whose naturalness impels our interest, are cleverly etched into the background of the story with that delicate, facile workmanship which has distinguished all the stories of this successful author. "The Toll of the Road" is emphatically a book to read.

"The advent of 'Sammy' into my life."

From "Drifting with Browne," by Byers Fletcher, a humorous story, which Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

THE BORN FOOL. By John Walter Byrd. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Kirk Clinton was a clever engineer and he had the makings of a sound geologist, but he was a "born fool" to allow himself to become entangled with a sensuous, unintelligent factory-girl in Yorkshire, and to remain entangled, even after his eyes had been opened to her character. His boyhood was happy in the love of a charming mother, and spoiled by the harshness of a father whose fanatical religious views, limited by the Catholic Apostolic Church, made life intolerable for his children. This part of the novel is written with much charm and care. So is the youth of the hero, with its struggles and promise. But Mr. Byrd has not made us believe that Clinton could be such a fool as to drift into the marriage which ends and spoils the book. It is, indeed, a tribute to the author that we resent this phase of his hero's career so intensely. If the earlier part of the book had been less acute, the latter part would not have seemed so unnatural. But how could a young man who had been in the company and under the charm of a girl like Beatrice Lucy, succumb to the later fascination of Marion without the slightest sense of incongruity? Mr. Byrd will do better in his next novel. He will not leave his hero uninfluenced by conditions which ought to have moulded and held him. He will not put too much into his story, as he does here. But, when the critic has said things like this, he has said practically everything that has to be said against the construction of the novel. Apart from this defect, the style and the character-drawing are singularly attractive; the descriptions of scenery and the various circles into which young Clinton is introduced are thoroughly charming. It is a novel rich in good things, and the quality of its workmanship is high.

WYNNINGFORD. By Dr. J. Morgan De Groot. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

A shallow, worldly-wise mother bent on leading her daughter to throw over the man she is engaged to and make a more advantageous marriage is responsible for much of the duplicity and scandal in which Lilian Beckham's life becomes involved and the tragedy in which it ends. The tragedy breaks up the career of the husband she has wronged, for he is suspected of her murder, and though he is tried and pronounced innocent, everybody believes him guilty. Lord Wynningford's conduct after his trial seems a little too eccentric, and some of his doings would

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strike one as rather inconsistent with his previous character, if inconsistency were not so natural to most of the human family. It is a strong story of love, mystery and sensation that keeps the reader thoroughly interested throughout.

The Bookman's Table.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, 1816-1916. A Centenary Memorial prepared by the Brontë Society. Edited by Butler Wood. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The principal value of this volume will be to the Brontë enthusiast, who will find in it much interesting information. It does not contain any of the highest literary criticism, but there is nothing trivial about it. The very superior person sniffs at societies which are founded to study particular authors, but the ordinary reader is grateful to them, in that they all of them give him some help and express much which he cannot himself put into words. Mr. Wroot in his story of this particular Society shows that its genuine enthusiasm has always been tempered with proper discretion, and gives a clear justification of its work. Mrs. Humphry Ward is sound and generous as we would expect, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is rather disappointing being neither so brilliant nor so profound in his literary estimate as usual. Mr. Spielmann's chapter "Charlotte Brontë in Brussels," is the most useful and important in the book. Bishop Welldon says much that is true, though too much from the point of view of a bishop, but it is fair to point out that Charlotte Brontë was always an orthodox churchwoman and did not experience religious doubt, rather a notable fact considering that her path was in no way a smooth one. Professor Vaughan in his essay, "Charlotte and Emily Brontë—a Comparison and a Contrast," gives the most serious purely literary criticism, emphasising that the sisters had well marked characteristics of their own, which are often overlooked because of the great likeness of their work in outward form and inner content. Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe writes with genuine enthusiasm about the moors, and Emily Brontë as their interpreter. It is inevitable that throughout such a volume comparisons with other authors should be made, but in the case of these sisters these comparisons are not very helpful. There is nothing in the book equal to A. C. Swinburne's Note on Charlotte Brontë. The volume is well calculated to make its readers turn once more to the works of the three Brontë sisters, and in that way can be fairly said to have attained its chief object.

RASPUTIN: PROPHET, LIBERTINE, PLOTTER. By T. Vogel-Jorgensen. Translated from the Danish by William Frederick Harvey. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This book is the second one that has recently been published giving a sketch of the career of that infamous man who was one of the "dark forces" behind the Russian Crown and Court, and whose murder in Petrograd created such a sensation at the end of 1916. It differs from Mr. Le Queux's work ("Rasputin, the Rascal Monk") in that it is merely a résumé of articles which have appeared in various Russian newspapers; whereas the latter is based on documents which were discovered in Rasputin's house in Petrograd after his "taking-off" and placed at Mr. Le Queux's disposal "by certain Russian allies of ours, who desire, for the present, to remain anonymous." If these documents are genuine they necessarily enhance the value of Mr. Le Queux's book, and as a consequence render the work now under notice negligible. Mr. Vogel-Jorgensen only hints at the possibility of Rasputin (whose real name was Grigori Yefimovitsch) having been a pro-German. Mr. Le Queux, on the other hand, prints a letter written by the Kaiser to Rasputin which, if authentic, proves that the scoundrel was undoubtedly in the pay of Germany, and was working unmistakably in the interests of that country. The Tsarina is also shown to have been gravely implicated. Mr. Vogel-Jorgensen's account of the murder differs from that of the other author who claims to have received the details from an eye-witness.

HERSELF—IRELAND. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "Herself—Ireland" has that precious quality in a book, personality. It is an inconsequent book. She has gathered a great many interesting things. Colonel Moore's talk about the Irish Volunteer Movement has a real historical interest. Her description of the Fitzgerald family at Caston, from the sprightly pen of Lady Caroline Dawson, afterwards Countess of Portarlington, is a plum that makes the mouth of a true blue Fitzgerald person, like the reviewer, water. She has all sorts of good stories. She is really witty. This about Bernard Shaw is extraordinarily observant as well as witty. It is of Rodin's bust of the dramatist: "The chisel of the great master reveals Shaw at his best, for the face is not only intellectual, thoughtful and distinguished, but the humour in the hair slightly raised at each side suggests a gentlemanly faun." Did anyone before discover that G. B. S. resembled a faun? He certainly does. She begins a chapter with the Fitzgeralds and she ends it with the Little Flower—the saintly little French nun who is the object of so much devotion in Ireland. She renders the Irish speech very badly. She is constantly, delightfully inaccurate, and one does not care a fig for accuracy. She is indiscreet, but indiscretion is true to the life. She trips and walks through her book, and one apprehends her through all she describes and tells, and:

> "If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you forget them all."

The book by no manner of means sets out to be a guide-book, yet you might wander through Ireland with a worse guide than Mrs. T. P. There is real amiability, real kindness, even in her slight maliciousness. You get the sense of a very charming woman saying and doing what she will because she is just she; you hear her speaking on every page. There is a pleasantness in the book that appeals—"a sweet disorder." Mrs. T. P. opened her heart to Ireland and Ireland welcomed her. Every one was agreeable to her, and she was agreeable to everybody. She found a wonderful cabinet-maker, worthy of the Dublin which sat at the feet of Sheraton and Chippendale, in the person of Mr. Hicks of Pembroke Street, whom she makes famous. One rather grudges Mr. Hicks to the whole world. Always she has the feeling for the beautiful old stately City of Dublin, and for the country and the people. No one need be afraid of being "prented" in these arch but kindly notes. Excellent illustrations add to the charm of the book. When you close the last page of it you are lonely for Mrs. T. P.

VISITS TO WALT WHITMAN. By J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Johnston and Mr. Wallace were members of a group of Lancashire friends who used to meet at the house of the latter to discuss literature, art, religion, philosophy, and Whitman was one of the gods of their idolatry. In 1890 Mr. Johnston went to America and paid a visit to the poet, then a very old man; and a year later Mr. Wallace made the same pilgrimage. In these pages they have set down minutely and vividly all they saw of Whitman and what he said to them. They made acquaintance with several of his friends, and all such associations are as carefully recorded. We have had no more exact and intimate picture of Whitman and the life he lived in his latter days than they have given us; he grows under their hands, in his actions and utterances, homely, simple, large-hearted, shrewdly wise—the lovably and unpretentiously human creature, even in his little vanities, one would expect the author of "Leaves of Grass" to have been. Done in the right Boswellian spirit, this is an intensely interesting and a valuable addition to our knowledge of Whitman's unique personality. There are extracts from a large number of his letters, and a poignant chapter by Mr. Wallace on the poet's last illness and final messages. The twenty illustrations and facsimiles are excellently reproduced.

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